HOW CAN WE SAVE EDUCATION IN THE U. S.?

8 21 '43

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOLUME XXVI No. 38 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Articles and Reviews by

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
WILLARD WALLER
ORDWAY TEAD
WILLIAM S. LYNCH
VIOLET EDWARDS

"THE APOSTLE"
by Sholem Asch
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"THE TRESPASSERS"
by Laura Z. Hobson
Reviewed by Gladys Graham Bates

"BATTLE HYMN OF CHINA"
by Agnes Smedley
Reviewed by Mark Gayn

—From "All the Children."

JUST STARTING

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avalanche of Praise!

for John P.

Marquand's

new novel

So Little Time

A. C. SPECTORSKY, *Chicago Sun:* "Let's face it—John P. Marquand is *the* major American novelist writing today."

BEN RAY REDMAN, *Saturday Review:* "Everything that a novelist could be expected to provide . . . is here provided with extraordinary lavishness."

LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* "SO LITTLE TIME will be the best-selling novel of the season."

ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times:* "The most irresistibly entertaining . . . the most thoughtfully comic novel of the year, or of several years."

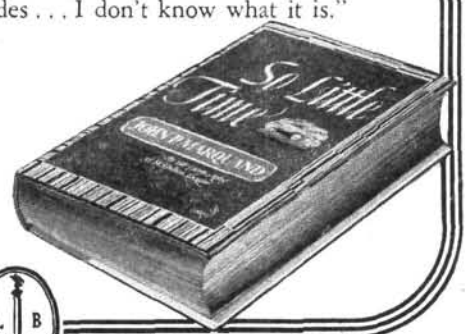
CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Record:* "A warm and human book mirroring . . . people you know, problems you have faced, talk you have shared in."

DIANA TRILLING, *Nation:* ". . . his best novel to date and the most interesting coming-of-the-war novel I have yet read."

ESTHER FORBES, *Boston Globe:* "A serious and disturbing book, a really magnificent book."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker:* "As entertaining as Mr. Marquand's earlier books, as witty and as equable. The dialogue is perhaps better."

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle:* "If any better novel has been written about the American scene of the last four decades . . . I don't know what it is."



483,000

COPIES IN PRINT

The September Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

$2.75

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

PAGE

CITIZEN OR MECHANIC?
By Howard Mumford Jones 3

REVOLT IN THE CLASSROOM
By Willard Waller 4

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EDUCATOR
By Violet Edwards 7

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT
By Mark Twain 9

EDUCATION FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY
By James L. Mursell
Reviewed by Ordway Tead 11

SHIPS WITHOUT PILOTS
An Editorial
By Henry Seidel Canby 12

WAR AND EDUCATION
By Porter Sargent
Reviewed by William S. Lynch 15

Reviews

NEW WORLD A-COMING
By Roi Ottley
Reviewed by Arthur Garfield Hays 16

THE APOSTLE
By Sholem Asch
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 17

THE HERO OF ANTIETAM
By Eulalie Beffel
Reviewed by Philip Van Doren Stern 17

THE TRESPASSERS
By Laura Z. Hobson
Reviewed by Gladys Graham Bates 18

BATTLE HYMN OF CHINA
By Agnes Smedley
Reviewed by Mark Gayn 22

THREE TIMES I BOW
By Carl Glick
Reviewed by Philip Van Doren Stern 22

THE AMERICAN LAND
By William R. Van Dersal
Reviewed by William S. Lynch 24

PENHALLOW
By Georgette Heyer
Reviewed by Bess Jones 24

NEW POEMS, 1943
Edited by Oscar Williams
Reviewed by John Gould Fletcher 25

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 6

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 13

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 20

LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 13 21

THE CRIMINAL RECORD 29

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NO. 495 31

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 31

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 38, September 18, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1943.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Citizen or Mechanic?

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Harvard University

THE president of an American university is said to have said: "You do not make killers the liberal arts way." The half-truth succinctly stated goes to the heart of our educational dilemma more deeply than at first appears. The obvious meaning of his remark is that the values of liberal education are at cross purposes with the brutal business of war, and, if one is a humanist, one can parry the thrust in either of two ways. One can, for example, evolve out of the statement a tribute to a way of learning that has interested itself in fair and graceful life rather than in slaughter, and thank God the humanities are free of the guilt of murder. Or one can smile complacently at the misunderstanding of liberal education among "administrators" and point out that from the Funeral Oration of Pericles through Milton's command to prepare oneself for all the offices, public and private, both of peace and of war, to Winston Churchill's exaltation of civic and sacrificial virtue, liberal education has taught heroic merit:

> And how can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers,
> And the temples of his Gods?

But none of this gets at the real dilemma revealed by the war. The true conflict in education is between an increasing demand for technicians of all sorts and an increasing feeling that the political innocence of our armies reveals so great an ignorance of civic issues as to call for a new deal in values. This profound and startling fissure cuts across the whole educational structure from the grades through the graduate school.

We have had to create vast armies, navies, and air-fleets and man them with the largest and most diversified groups of technicians ever assembled in our history at one time for a single aim. As millions of young men and women have been drawn out of school and college, laboratory and office, business and profession, their places have had to be taken by others, including thousands upon thousands of young women, feverishly drilled to perform technical tasks, often of astonishing responsibility. Pressure has invented new techniques of education ranging from methods of learning a foreign language to ways of assembling a rifle, blindfolded. Meanwhile vast new burdens have been thrown upon high schools, technical institutes, colleges, and universities at the very time that the Selective Service Act, in this respect radically defective, failing to recognize teaching as an essential industry, drew out of education the greater portion of younger replacements on school and college staffs. In the same period Government agencies have yet further lowered the pool of technicians, so that today all sorts of skilled occupations, from stenography to industrial chemistry, are begging for man-power, schooling and apprenticeship have been curtailed to the vanishing point, and every newspaper carries advertisements vainly trying to lure even unskilled hands into shipyard or factory with the promise of training and pay.

The war probably ended an epoch in education, notably in the public schools and in certain colleges. That epoch, largely colored by the theories of John Dewey, made the development of individual personality the primary aim of education. Its center has been something called "the child," and the "child-centered school," "the child-centered curriculum," and similar phrases have been characteristic. It broke down regimentation and damaged the grade system, which needed to be damaged, but the war has high-lighted the characteristic weaknesses of child-centered education. The chief weakness was lack of intellectual rigor, the avoidance of the dull necessity of drill, a failure to see that the nation might need the habit of discipline. Hundreds of young officer candidates had to be turned back because of defective training in the simple elements of mathematics, including arithmetic, characteristically a grade-school subject. To be sure, the controlling philosophy of education was not wholly to blame for deficiencies caused by public failure to supply funds necessary to good teaching, but the tendency to put up with inexact answers and to fub the problem of fundamental intellectual principles was certainly present in the school system. No child, ran one celebrated axiom, should ever experience failure. Failure, however, was precisely what many a product of the public schools experienced in training camp or industry because he had not been disciplined to attentiveness.

—From "Harvard and Cambridge: A Sketch Book," by Jack Frost.

Lowell House Tower

Tremendous pressures are now exerted to turn high school and even grade school into miniature technical institutes. Indeed, a "Victory campaign" was launched which, if it had run its full course, would have turned out from the secondary schools an indefinite number of little robots. In the colleges and universities meanwhile the liberal arts were adjourned for the duration, English teachers were a dime a dozen, and the demand for physicists, chemists, mathematicians, economists, and "Government experts" cannot be filled. It is characteristic of these pressures that draft boards will

(*Continued on page* 26)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolt in the Classroom

A Thorough Overhauling Must Come Soon

WILLARD WALLER

IN the school year of 1942-43, and for some years to come, the work of the public schools—elementary and secondary—will be crippled by a shortage of teachers. Teachers by the hundreds of thousands are leaving their profession. As a consequence, a whole generation of children will receive a sub-standard education.

Normally there are about 900,000 teachers, principals, and supervisors in the public schools. They are faithful public servants who work long hours for little pay. Now many of them are sick and tired of their jobs, and they are quitting. In their own idiom, they are getting out of teaching.

In a normal year, about 93,000 teachers change jobs or quit teaching. The annual turnover is about ten per cent, a figure which should be sufficiently disillusioning to those who think that everything is sweetness and light in the teaching business. In 1942-43, the turnover was 189,000, which was more than twenty per cent, and double the usual figure. About 39,000 teachers went into the armed forces, and 37,000 into industry.

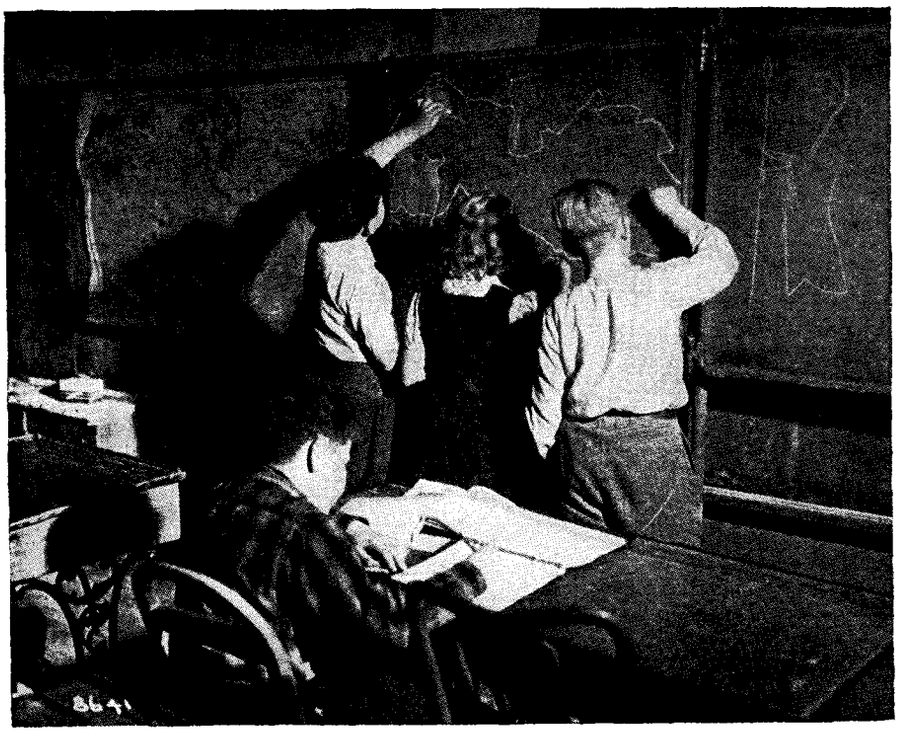
Estimates of the net loss and the resultant shortage vary enormously. As in other statistical jobs, the definition of the unit creates difficulty. Here the question is what one shall call a teacher. George D. Strayer estimates that 100,000 teachers have left the profession in 1942-43, and another 100,000 will leave it in 1943-44. Teacher-training institutions will supply perhaps no more than 25,000 trained replacements. How large the remaining gap will be no one can say until the schools open; perhaps, because of shifting standards of certification, we shall not know even then. In spite of frantic efforts of local boards, it seems probable that there will be at least 100,000 positions for which properly qualified persons cannot be found, and the figure may well be a great deal higher. Of course, we shall manage to keep most of the schools going somehow, but in order to fill the vacant positions we shall have to issue emergency certificates to thousands of persons too old, too young, too ignorant, and too poorly balanced to meet our ordinary requirements. We shall need to rob the cradle and the grave, and to impress the lame, the halt, and the blind as well as the better grades of morons. Some millions of children will be short-changed, and they will present their bill for damages in the years to come. The fact that enrollments of teacher-training institutions are down by perhaps as much as a third makes it certain that the problem will be with us in the post-war years.

In explaining the exodus of teachers from their profession, educational authorities tactfully stress economic factors. Teachers' salaries are in fact deplorably low. In 1942-43, forty teachers out of every hundred (or 360,000 in all) received less than $1200 per annum. Eight in every hundred received less than $600. Only two of the forty-eight states had no teachers receiving less than $1200, while twenty-six states had teachers receiving less than $600. In Mississippi and Arkansas, half or more of the teachers received less than $600. In Maine, every sixth teacher and in South Dakota every fifth were below this figure. Teachers' salaries have risen about seven or eight per cent since the war began, while living costs have gone up twenty per cent or more. A great many teaching salaries were hardly sufficient to maintain a self-respecting gorilla on a standard of comfort and decency.

The economic return for teaching has always been scandalously low. But I do not believe teachers are quitting their jobs solely on that account. People do not take leave of a profession they love just for a few pieces of silver. The truth is that many teachers were already dissatisfied, and they seized the opportunity to get out of a way of life which they had grown to hate and detest. Even in normal times teacher turnover is high, about one tenth in every year, and professional people do not change at that rate unless morale is low. In analyzing labor unrest in other fields, we have often found that the way workers are treated is as important as the wage in determining the state of their morale. This is just as true of teaching as of any other job.

THERE are many teachers who are devoted to their profession and generously gifted by nature for it, but there are also a great many who are fed up and disgusted with their jobs and eager to find some other way, any other way, of making a living. In addition to low wages, we inflict a great many personal indignities and humiliations upon our schoolteachers, and the very teachers whom the profession most needs, the bold of spirit and the intelligent, are the ones who find this conjuncture of insult and injury hardest to bear.

We may as well face it: the social status of the teacher is humiliating, and that fact has much to do with teacher unrest. Public figures often indulge in rhetoric about the noble



—From "All the Children." N. Y. C. Board of Education.

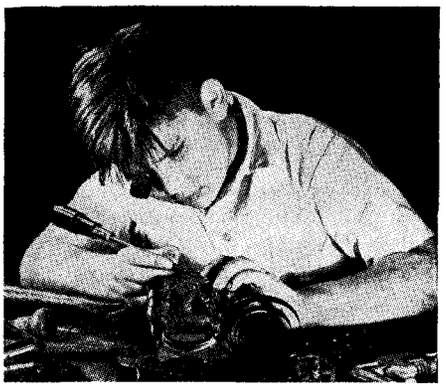
Are students being "short-changed" because of the nation's inability to keep schools going on a sound level?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profession, but their words do not represent the real attitudes of the American people. In the minds of the people, the teacher is a slightly ridiculous character who is not quite a man nor a normal woman, for that matter. Even on the national scene, on the highest level of our life, politicians can still make capital out of the fact that some bureaucrats are suspected of having once been college professors, although professors have higher standing than other teachers.

Local communities have been infinitely ingenious in devising ways to make the life of the teacher unpleasant. They have imposed upon him a ludicrous morality, forbidden him to smoke, drink, chew, swear, dance, go out of town for week-ends, live in another community, play cards, live in a hotel, wear mustaches or tight clothes, play pool, take part in politics, and so on ad nauseam. In general, communities have forced the teacher to be a model of all the negative virtues, a man distinguished by no positive merit but only by the things he does not do. Women teachers have been forbidden to marry, and prevented from going on dates with young men. Sometimes women teachers have had to sign contracts agreeing not to fall in love or marry, to get at least eight hours of sleep every night, not to use rouge or powder, to teach Sunday School, and not to go out with young men except in promoting Sunday School work. Such restrictions are enforced literally; teachers have been fired for manicuring their finger-nails. The schoolmarm is such a ridiculous and yet terrifying figure that many young women find it desirable to hide their profession from men they have just met. Schoolteachers are sometimes referred to as the third sex, and it is widely believed that they reproduce by budding. Women teachers frequently lose their positions upon marriage.

NOT content with denying teachers their rights as human beings, we have arranged to make their work hours as unpleasant as possible by putting over them as supervisors as fine a collection of nitwits, nincompoops and crackpots, hypocrites and time-servers, as the resources of the nation could provide. There are many able supervisiors to whom these harsh words do not apply in whole or in part, but there are enough who answer my description to make life miserable for hundreds of thousands of teachers, and inept supervision is one of the principal crosses which teachers must bear. Such supervisors frequently have some one point which they stress to the exclusion of everything else, a little anecdote or phrase that they repeat endlessly, or a sort of monomania: a teacher must always have the window shades exactly even, no matter what the light conditions; the teacher must greet the supervisor in a certain way and no other; grades must come out exactly on a curve; lesson plans must fit a cast-iron pattern. Sometimes racial or religious prejudices enter very strongly into a supervisor's estimates. All supervisors demand loyalty, but by no means all of them give it. Relations with supervisors furnish the basis for one of the most frequent nightmares from which teachers suffer, and I mean literal nightmares, for I have studied the bad dreams of teachers and have often had the supervisor nightmare reported to me.



Specialized vocational training is introduced early in some communities as part of the program of progressive education.

Able teachers sometimes resent the training which they are forced to undergo in preparation for their jobs, or for "alertness credit." The training is in large part irrelevant to the work they do, and often consists largely of indoctrination with some weird dogma. Many of the courses which teachers are forced to take at their own expense are geared to the mediocre mind, and are neither very demanding nor very rewarding to the person of ability. Teacher training is by no means all bad, and much of it is excellent, but enough of it is bad to constitute a major source of teacher dissatisfaction.

Such grievances operate constantly to drive able persons from the teaching profession, and to discourage others from entering. We get and keep teachers who are willing to put up with such pay and such conditions of work. Even in normal times, the standards of the profession are not unduly high. Teachers are largely drawn from the lower middle economic groups, from the culturally underprivileged classes. There is some argument concerning their average intelligence, but it is certainly lower than that of doctors, lawyers, and engineers, and certainly higher than we have any right to expect in view of the pay and the working conditions. As to the mental balance of teachers, their sanity, common sense, and absence of neurotic tendency, it is just as well to suspend judgment.

The standards of the profession were never very high, but now they are going to be a great deal lower. The depletion of the profession, a literal and figurative emasculation, comes at a time when war has put a greater burden than ever before upon the schools. Communities are seriously disorganized, and the school is the only agency potentially adapted to dealing with the problem of the young. Many families have been broken up; many more have lost their hold upon the young. Juvenile delinquency has increased all over the country.

The relaxation of family controls, disorganization of communities, deterioration of the schools, and the release of the sleeping devils of sadism and aggression have operated to make older schoolchildren extremely restless and rebellious. They are in revolt; of that there can be no doubt. Boys under eighteen carry on race riots, commit murders, steal, and cut throats as never before. Their behavior is one of the foremost national problems.

Discipline in the schools has deteriorated, especially in the slums and ghettos of the urban areas, but what happens in the big city today is likely to happen in smaller cities tomorrow. Children terrorize their teachers, make their lives miserable and their occupation dangerous, perform unprintable outrages. A mild gang of junior high school boys in a respectable suburb decides to attend school bare to the waist; they do so, and continue the practice, and the teachers cannot do anything about it. Hoodlums administer beatings and carry on gang warfare in the halls, and the teachers can do nothing about that. Morons who cannot write their own name can yet stand up to the teachers and recite the laws against corporal punishment.

In considerable part, the deterioration of discipline has been produced by the diversion from teaching of the young men. These young, vigorous men, athletes, coaches, recreation workers, and vocational teachers whom boys imitate and admire, are indispensable in the schools at this time. In a school system based upon stern repression, their loss might be felt somewhat less. But in America we depend upon a program of activities, particularly athletics, as a control device, and for a certain type of boy we also lean heavily upon shop

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work and other instruction in practical arts. In normal times our scheme works very well, and produces an excellent set of democratic student-faculty relationships. Boys who are interested in athletics, football players and track men, become pillars of student society, and are the allies of the faculty in setting a decent tone for the school. Vocational students do not make trouble so long as they are kept busy and interested in learning the trade they intend one day to follow. The whole student body has a set of constructive activities which keeps them out of mischief. The control of the boys, however, is essential. There is an old country school teacher maxim that if you can handle the boys the girls will string along. It is still true.

Unfortunately, this kind of discipline, the only kind which is possible in America and in keeping with our traditions, demands a certain number of vigorous young men. Ask the headmaster of any private school for boys, and he will tell you that he could not maintain the morale of his school for two weeks without the young men who are the coaches and athletes and the directors of activities. Almost any high school principal will tell you the same thing about his vocational teachers. Those young men are now gone from the public schools, and the shortage in their fields is terribly acute. Some 39,000 teachers left the schools for the armed services in 1942-43. Undoubtedy, they were mostly men, and mostly young and vigorous. They constituted about four per cent of the teaching population. A somewhat greater number of men left their positions for other reasons, and only twenty per cent of the men who changed positions went to other teaching jobs. Other men had left earlier, and they are still leaving in greater proportions than women. Teaching replacements contain few young men, and those probably not very useful for student morale. In 1920, the percentage of men teachers was 14.1, and 1920 was also a year of great unrest and poor discipline, of riots, rebellions, strikes, and hoodlumism. By 1934 the percentage of men had increased to 19.1, but we may now feel reasonably certain that we have fallen considerably below the 1920 figure. Discipline in the schools cannot be restored until the able and active young men are put back on the faculties. A similar situation exists in such related institutions as settlement houses, which are hard put to it to find men residents and workers. Scarcity of men in recreation work is part of the same general problem.

If the situation created by deteriorating schools and disappearing teachers is to be met, four things must be done:

(1) Salaries of teachers must, of course, be raised to the point where they compare favorably with industry. If we really wish to put teaching into a favorable competitive position, a good way to open the bidding would be by doubling teachers' 1942-43 salaries. A small beginning has been made in raising salaries. Salaries will be better in 1943-44 than in 1942-43. More than half the states have provided increases in salaries through outright grants to local districts, bonuses, or higher salary schedules. Local communities have also provided increases. Reports from rural schools in Nebraska indicate increases ranging from ten to fifty per cent.

Neither local nor state governments will, however, be able to cope with the situation adequately. Where expenditures for education have been low in the past, it was because the people living in that area were poor, and they are still poor, but those are just the areas in which the teacher shortage is most acute. Therefore federal aid is needed. A bill to provide this aid, S. 637, was introduced into the 78th Congress by Senators Thomas of Utah and Hill of Alabama. It proposed to provide $300,000,000, and established careful safeguards to put the money under the control of local and state authorities. The sum involved was inadequate, but it would have helped. Although it was backed by the powerful National Education Association, the bill did not pass, and apparently did not even receive serious consideration.

(2) We must induce married ex-teachers to return to the schools. There was never any sense to the ban on married teachers, and these women are an excellent labor reserve. They have already saved the situation in many communities.

(3) The third step that we must take is to put the young men back into the schools. No more male teachers should be drafted, on the principle that the prevention of crime and the maintenance of education are as essential as any work that a man can do. Furthermore, I believe we shall find it necessary to return certain key men to the school positions from which they were taken, recapturing them from industry and the armed services. This can be done, and it is by no means unprecedented in the history of war.

(4) As part of our long-term policy toward the teaching profession, we must remove the irritations discussed above, leaving teachers free to lead their own lives as long as they behave like ladies and gentlemen, giving them security and a degree of self-determination as long as they perform their duties faithfully and efficiently. In short, we must treat teachers like human beings.

Willard Waller is professor of sociology at Columbia University, and author of "The Sociology of Teaching" and other works on education.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOLDIER-POETS

Arthur P. Morgan, of Princeton, is the contributor of this week's quiz. From the brief biographies given below, can you identify these ten soldier-poets? Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 24.

1. Author of the most widely read poem of World War I, this Canadian doctor died before it was published.
2. This American poet, serving in World War I with the French Foreign Legion, kept the rendezvous with Death that he wrote a poem about.
3. He enlisted in the British army under the name of Silas Tompkyn Cumberback, and later won fame with a poem about an old sailor.
4. A few weeks before his death, which occurred as he was en route to take part in the Dardenelles campaign of 1915, this poet had published a famous sonnet beginning with the words: "If I should die. . . ."
5. This West Point cadet, after being court-martialed and dismissed for gross neglect of duty, became one of this nation's foremost poets.
6. This famous American Civil War author once wrote an elegy containing these lines: "O no. Then list with tearful eye, Whilst I his fate do tell. His soul did from this cold world fly By falling down a well."
7. A soldier in World War I, he wrote a lyric threatening death for an importunate musician who disturbed his sleep.
8. An English poet, before joining a war for Greek liberty, designed a helmet inspired by the Iliad, but he never wore it.
9. While he lay wounded at the siege of Dunkirk in 1648, the girl to whom he had written a famous poem on going to the wars married another man.
10. Ill health contracted while he served in the Confederate army during the Civil War brought an early end to the life of this poet.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World's Greatest Educator

The U. S. Army Is Teaching As Well As Training

VIOLET EDWARDS

UNCLE SAM is now the greatest educator in history. His curriculum: education for war, and for the peace.

A survey of the Office of War Information* shows that one out of every ten adults in the country is enrolled in Uncle Sam's school. Eleven out of every fourteen able-bodied men between eighteen and thirty-eight, will probably be students in the largest adult school system in the world by the end of 1943. One million boys will be in the pre-induction courses, the system's "prep schools." Unless the serviceman comes from a well-to-do family his educational opportunities are likely to be better in than out of the services. His chances of getting a good technical education are at least as good in the Army or Navy as they would be in civilian life.

The Navy maintains 558 technical schools. The Army plans to send 1,500,000 men through its vocational schools this year, for technical training. High school or college courses are open to the serviceman for a nominal fee, by correspondence; self-teaching courses are available where correspondence is difficult. The soldier-scholar can learn a foreign language by new quick methods—methods that cry to be adopted by high schools and university classes in language study. The armed services program has more than "a thing or two" to tell the language teachers in our regular schools!

For more than a year the Intensive Language Program, sponsored by the American Council of Learned Socities, has been conducting intensive thirteen-week courses on college campuses in such tongues as Fanti, Haussa, Swahili, several dialects of Arabic, West African Pidgin, Melanesian Pidgin, Burmese, Mandarin, Cantonese, Fukienese, Amoy, Modern Greek, Hindustani, Hungarian, Icelandic, Persian, Japanese, Korean, Kurdish, Malay, Mongol, Pushtu, Dutch, Portuguese, Panjabi, Russian, Thai, Turkish, Annamese. Classes in several languages, implemented by phonograph transcriptions, are offered at all Navy Educational Service Centers. Every soldier going overseas has a chance to pick up the 100 to 150 useful phrases of the country to which he is going. This over-view is taught by phonograph records, made by natives of the country where the particular language is spoken. After six or eight hearings, according to the Office of War Information report, the soldier usually learns enough of the language to meet his immediate needs.

Pocket Guides to the country of their destination are handed to servicemen when they set foot on a transport, or get leave from a warship in a foreign port. These guides are brief and to the point; they have good maps, cartoons, pictures; they provide a brief history of the country, a description of the people, the government, the business, the food, money systems, and a glossary of terms and "slanguage."

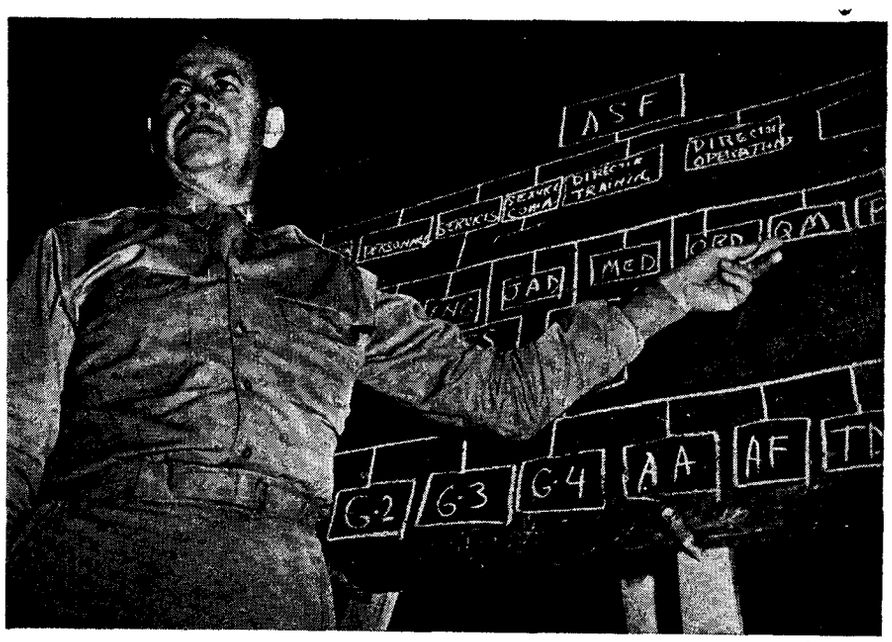
Uncle Sam has also turned librarian. He encourages servicemen to use leisure time for reading, for improving their minds. The Army and Navy have bought 10,000,000 books for off-duty reading, and are planning to buy as many as 35,000,000 more. Magazines are sent regularly to every company overseas. When the men cannot come to libraries, the libraries come to them. Traveling libraries follow the men almost to the front lines, and books and magazines are delivered to isolated bases by parachute, or in water-tight boxes. (And yet letters from servicemen here and abroad reveal that a good many of them are still hungry for—more books, more pamphlets, more magazines. Especially for discussions of current economic and social questions at home, here in the U.S.A.).

Uncle Sam has put to work much of the philosophy, many of the procedures, attitudes, and teaching methods of the "progressive educators." His program of "education for life," both during the war and after, dramatizes the concept of "learning by doing." He employs last-minute audio-visual aids (many of these are not available now to civilian schoolmasters) to speed up the learning process.

Army and Navy classification systems have absorbed the lessons of twenty years of industrial personnel work and the procedures of forty years of psychological testing.

THE Armed Forces Institute, with new registrations now coming in at a rate of about 1,000 a week, is the most ambitious correspondence school in history. It offers any high school or college course and a great many trade and vocational courses by correspondence—or in self-teaching form. The servicemen gets these courses at bargain prices, and he gets school or college credit for them if he wants it.

The Armed Forces Institute, beginning as the Army Institute, has the cooperation of eighty-one colleges and universities giving university-by-mail courses. Over 700 approved high school and college courses were offered to the Army, and later by agreement to the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard. The Institute has added sixty-four correspondence courses of its own; these include a large number of mechanical, electrical, and civil en-



U. S. Army School in North Africa. Brig. Gen. Frank J. McSherry conducts a class in military government for Army officers.

**Report on Education in the Armed Forces. Office of War Information, Washington, D. C., 1943.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The army-trained technician has the advantage of Grade-A equipment.

gineering courses of especial use to the armed forces. Of particular significance to postwar adult education may be the self-teaching courses in subjects such as arithmetic, shorthand, typewriting, algebra, English—and even physics. The staff of the Institute wrote the physics course using military life as a laboratory. For an Institute course the serviceman pays two dollars. For a course offered by a coöperating college or university he pays half the fee. The Army and Navy pays the rest, up to twenty dollars. Sixty percent of the Institute enrollment is overseas. According to the O.W.I. survey, shorthand is the most popular subject abroad, arithmetic the most popular with men in this country.

Off-duty education is completely voluntary: each serviceman is his own Dean in the Army and Navy. He decides what he wants to study in his spare time, and sometimes recruits the teacher and schedules the class. In the Navy, these off-duty classes on the subjects the men are most interested in meet in an Educational Service Center. Each center has an education officer who helps to organize classes, secures teachers, sees that the center has a library, moving pictures, newsmaps, phonograph records for language students. Interest is high in dozens of off-duty classes, and the men are grateful, particularly in isolated bases like the three which call their Educational Service Centers the "University of Kodiak," the "College of Dutch Harbor," and the "Academy of the Andreanoff Islands."

The O.W.I. report declares that the armed forces want servicemen to understand how and why we became involved in the war and "what we are fighting for," and to be informed of the progress of the war. Essential themes are stressed by documentary films on "Why We Fight," "Know Your Enemy," and "Know Your Ally." About an hour a week during the serviceman's basic training is given over to talks and discussions on the nature of the war; strategy; and developments in the war news based upon a daily War News Summary, the weekly "Newsmap," and a reference manual entitled "The War in Outline." A small edition of the Newsmap is now being sent overseas.

The Army requires that officers discuss the war news at least once a week with their men, and officers in both services are expected, whenever possible, to provide periods for listening to news broadcasts or to post the news as received, according to the O.W.I. survey. The survey points out, however, that how much of this is done depends upon the discretion of the officer; that whether it is done well depends on the officer handling the discussion. To date, neither the Army nor the Navy has developed to any appreciable extent the much rumored "voluntary discussion program." Currently, however, there are signs that this program may be germinating. We are, of course, away behind the discussion program developed by the British Army—falling very short of the same freedom to choose subjects for discussion.

However, more technical training is in progress now in this country than in any other country at any time. An average of 175,000 men were trained each month during the last three years. This year more than 10,000 are arriving *every day* to be trained—nine out of ten of them as technical specialists.

Nine out of ten of Uncle Sam's graduates will be trained as specialists for more than a thousand different war jobs. In the Army alone there are 650 different specialized jobs to fill. The Navy maintains 558 different schools to give the kinds and degrees of technical training its men need.

In this war Uncle Sam knows the only place for an untrained man is—home. In other wars a man has been taught close-order drill and the use of a rifle, then sent into battle. To send that kind of soldier to fight the Africa Corps would have been murder. To give that kind of sailor a job on a modern battleship might lose the ship.

For the 2,100 men on a large battleship there are 2,100 assigned jobs, each one specialized yet requiring close teamwork with the others. To train the crew of an average battleship to operate its machines and carry out its mission:

All of the 2,000 enlisted men must have eight weeks' basic naval training;

About 500 must have an additional sixteen weeks of naval technical training beyond their basic;

Another 500 must have this training and an additional advance training course (a total of thirty-two weeks or more) before joining the fleet;

Another 500 must have had considerable sea experience and at least one term in Fleet School, or another of the advance training schools;

About eighty per cent of the men must complete the equivalent of trade school courses during their naval service;

All of them must continue to study and train as long as they are in active service.

About fifty of the 100 officers on the battleship are Annapolis graduates; the others have come out of Naval R.O.T.C. courses and Midshipman Reserve Schools, or out of the ranks of Chief Petty or Warrant Officers.

For the whole picture, add to this training and experience: the Captain's thirty or more years of Naval service; the Commander's probable twenty years; the average twelve to sixteen years' service of heads of departments, usually Commanders or Lieutenant Commanders—gunnery, navigation, engineering, construction, communications, medical, supply; and the average of five years' service for division officers and junior division officers in each department.

The men it takes to operate the machines on a large battleship represent at least 1,500 aggregate years of training and 2,500 years of experience!

THE record of what it takes to train an infantry regiment is equally impressive. Figuring conservatively, it takes 3,000 man-years of training to put a good infantry regiment into the field. Leaving the service specialists in the regiment—the officers, the surgeons, personnel officers, and others—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of the picture for the moment, look at the training requirements for each combat soldier:

Fourteen weeks individual training;
Twelve weeks unit training;
Twelve weeks' combined training, to prepare the infantry regiment to operate as an efficient combat team with the artillery and other units, so that the division may fight as a unit;
Eight to ten weeks' field Maneuvers, under simulated battle conditions.

The serviceman's training is as concentrated as his field rations. Under pressure of military necessity, and by widespread use of audio-visual aids, the armed services have in many cases been able to reduce training time greatly.

Dramatic achievements have also been made in the "reclaiming" of illiterates (eighteen to thirty-eight-year-old men unable to read or write as well as a fourth-grader in school is expected to) and of the physically unfit. These should be of great significance to the development of both school and adult education after the war. Detailed accounts of this work in the armed services, complete as to teaching methods and testing of results—will be of great value to all educators. According to the O.W.I. report, in an average of only 144 hours in class, the Army is teaching illiterates to read, write, and do simple arithmetic. Already 85,000 illiterates have been made ready for Army service, and it is estimated that 750,000 more can be by eight to twelve weeks' intensive training in the three R's.

To fight this kind of war the Army has to teach the three R's: the serviceman must be able to read easy technical material, messages, and signs, write messages, do simple arithmetic. Since many able-bodied and intelligent men in this country have not had the chance to learn to read, write, and figure, the Army has established a series of Special Training Units in Replacement Training Centers throughout the country. Their function: to attack illiteracy and reclaim men for service in this new technical Army.

Advocates of "Federal Aid for Education" in our country are seeing the Army succeed in a job they have long sought to tackle. Illiterates, not greater than five per cent of the total induction, may be admitted and assigned to Special Training Units. (Four states have thirty-six per cent or more adult illiteracy.) In the 250 Special Training Units it has been discovered that over eighty per cent of the illiterates can be made into good soldiers, and that fifty-five per cent of them are able to go on to specialist training and fill one of the Army's technical jobs. The men are usually not embarrassed by being

(*Continued on page 27*)

English as She Is Taught

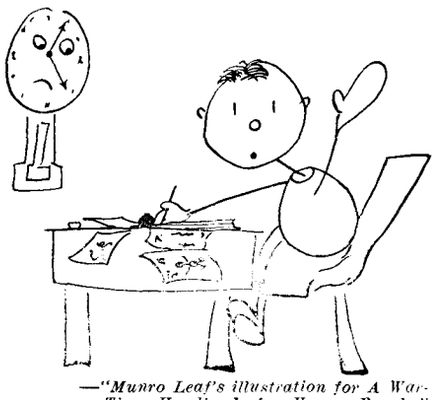
Some Juice from the Nation's Saplings

MARK TWAIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Considerable comment and apprehension were caused recently by the publication in* The New York Times *of a survey showing the deplorable paucity of knowledge of American history among the young people of this country. Because of the perennial interest in this subject, the following article is reprinted in excerpted form from an issue of the* Century Magazine, *1887.*

I HAVE just fallen upon a darling literary curiosity. It is a little book, a manuscript compilation, and the compiler sent it to me with the request that I say whether I think it ought to be published or not. I said, Yes; but as I slowly grow wise I briskly grow cautious; and so, now that the publication is imminent, it has seemed to me that I should feel more comfortable if I could divide up this responsibility with the public by adding them to the court. Therefore, I will print some extracts from the book, in the hope that they may make converts to my judgment that the volume has merit which entitles it to publication.

As one turns the pages he is impressed with the depth to which one date has been driven into the American child's head — 1492. The date is there, and it is there to stay. And it is always at hand, always deliverable at a moment's notice. But the Fact that belongs with it? That is quite another matter. Only the date itself is familiar and sure: its vast Fact has failed of lodgment. It would appear that whenever you ask a public school pupil when a thing—anything, no matter what—happened, and he is in doubt, he always rips out his 1492. He applies it to everything, from the landing of the ark to the introduction of the horsecar. Well, after all, it is our first date, and it is right enough to honor it, and pay the public schools to teach our children to honor it:



—"Munro Leaf's illustration for A War-Time Handbook for Young People."

George Washington was born in 1492.
Washington wrote the Declaration of Independence in 1492.
St. Bartholomew was massacred in 1492.
The Brittains were the Saxons who entered England in 1492 under Julius Caesar.
The earth is 1492 miles in circumference.

To proceed with "History":

Christopher Columbus was called the Father of his Country.
Queen Isabella of Spain sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America.
The Indian wars were very desecrating to the country.
The Indians pursued their warfare by hiding in the bushes and then scalping them.
Captain John Smith has been styled the father of his country. His life was saved by his daughter Pochahantas.
The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.
The Stamp Act was to make everybody stamp all materials so they should be null and void.
Washington died in Spain almost broken-hearted. His remains were taken to the cathedral in Havana.
Gorilla warfare was where men rode on gorillas.
John Brown was a very good insane man who tried to get fugitive slaves into Virginia. He captured all the inhabitants, but was finally conquered and condemned to his death. The Confederacy was formed by the fugitive slaves.
Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him.
Henry Eight was famous for being a great widower having lost several wives.
Lady Jane Grey studied Greek and Latin and was beheaded after a few days.
John Bright is noted for an incurable disease.
Lord James Gordon Bennett instigated the Gordon Riots.
The Middle Ages come in between antiquity and posterity.
Luther introduced Christianity into England a good many thousand years ago. His birthday was November 1883. He was once a Pope. He lived at the time of the Rebellion of Worms.
Julius Caesar is noted for his famous telegram dispatch I came I saw I conquered.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Julius Caesar was really a very great man. He was a very great soldier and wrote a book for beginners in the Latin.

Cleopatra was caused by the death of an asp which she dissolved in a wine cup.

The only form of government in Greece was a limited monkey.

The Persian war lasted about 500 years.

Greece had only 7 wise men.

Socrates . . . . destroyed some statues and had to drink Shamrock.

Here is a fact correctly stated; and yet it is phrased with such ingenious infelicity that it can be depended upon to convey misinformation every time it is uncarefully read:

By the Salic law no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne.

To show how far a child can travel in history with judicious and diligent boosting in the public school, we select the following mosaic:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Wales in 1599.

In the chapter headed "Intellectual" I find a great number of most interesting statements. A sample or two may be found not amiss:

Bracebridge Hall was written by Henry Irving.

Snow Bound was written by Peter Cooper.

The House of the Seven Gables was written by Lord Bryant.

Edgar A. Poe was a very curdling writer.

Cotton Mather was a writer who invented the cotton gin and wrote histories.

Beowulf wrote the Scriptures.

Ben Johnson survived Shakespeare in some respects.

In the Canterbury Tale it gives account of King Alfred on his way to the shrine of Thomas Bucket.

Chaucer was the father of English pottery.

Chaucer was a bland verse writer of the third century.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wads. Longfellow an American writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly one hundred years elapsed.

Shakespeare translated the Scriptures and it was called St. James because he did it.

IN the same chapter I find many pages of information concerning Shakespeare's plays, Milton's works, and those of Bacon, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, DeFoe, Locke, Pope, Swift, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gibbon, Byron, Coleridge, Hood, Scott, Macaulay, George Eliot, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Disraeli—a fact which shows that into the restricted stomach of the public-school pupil is shoveled every year the blood, bone, and viscera of a gigantic literature, and the same is there digested and disposed of in a most successful and characteristic and gratifying public-school way. I have space for but a trifling few of the results:

Lord Byron was the son of an heiress and a drunken man.

Wm. Wordsworth wrote the Barefoot Boy and Imitations on Immortality.

Gibbon wrote a history of his travels in Italy. This was original.

George Eliot left a wife and children who mourned greatly for his genius.

George Eliot Miss Mary Evans Mrs. Cross Mrs. Lewis was the greatest female poet unless George Sands is made an exception of.

Bulwell is considered a good writer.

Sir Walter Scott, Charles Bronte, Alfred the Great and Johnson was the first great novelists.

Thomas Babington Makorlay graduated at Harvard and then studied law, he was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557 and died in 1776.

Here are two or three miscellaneous facts that may be of value, if taken in moderation:

Homer's writings are Homer's Essays Virgil the Aneid and Paradise lost some people say that these poems were not written by Homer but by another man of the same name.

A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems.

Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer.

When the public-school pupil wrestles with the political features of the Great Republic, they throw him sometimes:

A bill becomes a law when the President vetoes it.

The three departments of the government is the President rules the world, the governor rules the State, the mayor rules the city.

The first conscientious Congress met in Philadelphia.

The Constitution of the United States was established to ensure domestic hostility.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. As follows:

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

And here she rises once more and untimely. There should be a limit to public-school instruction; it cannot be wise or well to let the young find out everything:

Congress is divided into civilized half civilized and savage.

Here are some results of study in music and oratory:

An interval in music is the distance on the keyboard from one piano to the next.

A rest means you are not to sing it.

Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another.

The chapter on "Physiology" contains much that ought not to be lost to science.

Physillogigy is to study about your bones stummick and vertebry.

Occupations which are injurious to health are cabolic acid gas which is impure blood.

We have an upper and a lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper skin moves when we do.

The body is mostly composed of water and about one half is avaricious tissue.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

The Chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart

—*Reprinted from* The SRL, *Nov. 27, 1937.*

"I hate to say it, Margie, but your people read tripe."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where it meets the oxygen and is purified.

The salivary glands are used to salivate the body.

In the stomach starch is changed to cane sugar and cane sugar to sugar cane.

The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

If we were on a railroad track and a train was coming, the train would deafen our ears so that we couldn't see to get off the track.

If a laugh is fair here, not the struggling child, nor the unintelligent teacher—or rather the unintelligent Boards, Committees, and Trustees—are the proper target for it. All through this little book one detects the signs of a certain probable fact—that a large part of the pupil's "instruction" consists in cramming him with obscure and wordy "rules" which he does not understand and has no time to understand. It would be as useful to cram him with brickbats; they would at least stay. In a town in the interior of New York, a few years ago, a gentleman set forth a mathematical problem and proposed to give a prize to every public-school pupil who should furnish the correct solution to it. Twenty-two of the brightest boys in the public school entered the contest. The problem was not a very difficult one for pupils of their mathematical rank and standing, yet they all failed—by a hear—through one trifling mistake or another. Some searching questions were asked, when it turned out that these lads were as glib as parrots with the "rules," but could not reason out a single rule or explain the principle underlying it. Their memories had been stocked, but not their understandings.

The Stupendous Experiment

EDUCATION FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By James L. Mursell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1943. 528 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

DO you glow with satisfaction at the fact that our country has the most stupendous experiment in education that the world has ever seen? Do you become discouraged at the distance between what schools ought to be and what they are?

In either case this book is for you. For it is unique in placing America's educational effort in terms of today's total assets and liabilities. In a moment of great transition, says the author who writes from the vantage point of the dynamic Columbia University's Teachers College background, this book takes account of stock and shows where we have come from, where we are at, and something of where we may be going. "I have sought," he says, "neither a survey nor a philosophical treatment . . . (but) to interpret on a background of history and of social reality the controversial issues, the outstanding and characteristic practices, and the chief institutional patterns . . ."

Several points in this excellent job stand out and give it a meaning and value which extend far beyond the range of concern of the professional educator. On the score of the scale and dimensions of American education we are well reminded of the sheer and unprecedented magnitude of our experiment which has historically tried to parallel our growth as a democracy with the training of citizens who will be able to assume their necessary responsibilities. We are thus entitled to crumbs of comfort that all is not perfect.

Again, it is made exceedingly plain that, as this growth has gone on, the purposes and goals of education itself have not been able to keep their old unity; and that at bottom the trouble with our entire school system is a confusion about ends to be served. Professor Mursell holds clearly in view the end he believes should be served in terms of "an agency for social and ethical leadership." He does not, however, go to the lengths of such a writer as Professor George Counts whose "Dare the Schools Build a New Social Order?" was a rallying point for a social reformist objective. Nor yet, on the other hand, is he complacent about today's measure of accomplishment in any single aspect of our educational enterprise. Whether it is the teacher, the curriculum, the administration, the budget, or the pedagogy—all reveal inadequacies for the present task.

James L. Mursell

Because he deliberately does not philosophize, his book will need supplementation at this point. And other authors, as for example Berkson in his "Education Faces the Future," will be needed by students of educational goals.

Particularly interesting is Professor Mursell's reminder that we have created such a marked separation in the whole handling of college as compared with secondary school instruction. He believes that the hiatus which exists here makes our college system less organic to the entire plan than is essential. Elaboration of these pregnant comments would have been interesting to many.

To mention only one other point, the discussion of local autonomy versus state and national control and participation in financial support is sane, realistic, and helpful. He wisely acknowledges not alone the dangers but the necessity for a greater contribution to local education from national sources. The use of such sources during the depression through such special efforts as the CCC and NYA will need careful coördination with local activities; but that the form of educational resource and method which these represent has to be extended is a wise conclusion.

Here, in short, is a splendid antidote to complacence—a reminder of all aspects of this momentous problem, a suggestion of many significant pioneering ventures. In essence the problem posed is: Can we keep local responsibility for education strong and wise, while at the same time giving to education right across the country a reasonable unity of goal in a challenging sense of national purpose?

Thus far we have no clear answer to this problem. But national purposes as our nation matures can be a reality. Such purposes, as our country assumes responsibilities in an association of nations for peace and freedom, are of the very lifeblood of our personal and national existence. Our education either keeps pace with the facts of global neighborliness, or our global participation will be uninformed and unenthusiastic. One recalls for its suggestive and truly spiritual import in this connection the little book, "The National Being" by George Russell (AE). It merits reissue for today for its light on national purpose.

This book poses the right issues. The race between education and catastrophe is still far from victory for the forces of reason and order.

Ordway Tead is President of the Board of Higher Education in New York City and the author of "New Adventures in Democracy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BOARD OF EDITORS

Norman Cousins
Editor

Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman — *Associate Editors*

William Rose Benét, Bennett Cerf — *Contributing Editors*

Harrison Smith
President

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

SHIPS WITHOUT PILOTS

IF we are going to follow the current platitude and say that the only cure for the world's disease is to be found in education, then it is not going to be enough to discuss what education shall consist of. We must come to some agreement as to what it is for. The answer to the question was not difficult before the Greeks. From century to century education passed on acquired wisdom and valuable techniques of living, but the insatiable curiosity of the Greeks led them to investigate the nature of the world in which these techniques operated by rule of thumb. They added the study of science to the pursuit of wisdom, and, after some centuries of retrogression, the cultures of the Arabs and of the European Renaissance and of the industrial revolution first blindly and then surely struggled for the control of the phenomena of nature.

Education first made wisdom seem of such importance that its possession was a magic and its possessors became a caste. Education in science and its astounding success in the control of human environment created another magic and, if not a caste, then certainly a division in the world's population between those who could and those who could not use science to attain their ends. It has been a century now since any civilized man doubted the importance of science.

That science has outrun wisdom is a platitude, proved daily by a world at war.

It is a platitude also (and most reasoning begins with platitudes) to say that what education seems to have lost in our time is the power to make wisdom seem as important as progress in the control of matter. This is true even in the semi-sciences of psychology and sociology, which, between them, have drained the blood of action from philosophy. Their importance is in the explanation of the process of living; their objectives are all limited; they can be used for wisdom, but do not, as currently practised, lead to wisdom, for they seem to be powerless against the flow of events.

If the term, "the humanities," is given the breadth it deserves, it may be said that the acquired wisdom of the race is preserved in the humanities; it has flowed with them, it flows out from them. Too much of the current discussion of the right and wrong uses of the humanities in education has concerned itself with their place in the curriculum or with their teachers and the way they are taught. We may take for granted that, if there is such a thing as stored wisdom, it will be found in history, literature, art, for these record the profits and losses of human experience, whether in science, religion, or social relationships. Nor can it be said that we are deficient in men and women whose knowledge of these vast records is thorough and complete. The power to teach is ours,—but an incentive seems to have been lacking, the kind of incentive which has driven the research scientists on to their conquests, and the exploiters of applied science on to the domination of the world.

One is forced irresistibly to the conclusion that what has weakened has been the conviction of the importance of wisdom. It has had lip-service enough from all the churches and universities, from the lecture platform and the radio and from countless magazines and newspapers. But in our time this importance has not been felt with the burning certainty that swept primitive Christianity across the world, or established modern science in spite of persecution, prejudice, and the frustrated careers of thousands who struggled for light.

If these generalities are true—and who will deny them?—the fault lies not in the humanities as such, but in their control, and this control can only be in what was once called the queen of the sciences, philosophy, which of late has threatened to become only another history, like musicology or philology. The failure is in philosophy. For philosophy is neither a humanity nor a science in itself, but a guide from all knowledge, and a control of all knowledge, toward that wisdom which teaches the best uses for the human race. Nor is it a formula, nor a system, nor a doctrine, but an active search, respondent to every new fact, always controversial, always to be tested by results, ever changing in everything but its objective, which is constant in the aim to distinguish between the better and the worse. Philosophy defines and redefines these terms, but never doubts that there is a better and that there is a worse.

If education is to be reorganized after the war, if there is to be that revival which the humanities so deeply need, it would seem that the first step is philosophy. We may not need a new philosophy; we do need new philosophers, and a new teaching of philosophy, summed up in one proposal: it must learn how to make wisdom seem as important as it is. But this will not be enough to call for great men if there are no great opportunities. The central course in the curriculum of the universities where the humanities, science, and technology are all to be taught, must be philosophy—an indispensable, dynamic course in the coördination and purpose of all education. Granted the need, the vital importance admitted, we may hope—in a generation or so—for results.

Medicine became a true science less than a century ago, physics quadrupled its energy of thinking in a quarter of a century, psychology has come out of its baby clothes only in our time. What to do with these and with all studies, especially those which deal with the conduct of life, how they can be used to construct instead of to destroy—all this is philosophy, which needs now, as never before, recognition, and transcendent ability, and perhaps martyrs to the cause of a better directed world.

H. S. C.

The Bombing of Rome

By William Rose Benét

NOT unto Him of Galilee who stood
High in the Forum with lacerated hands
And feet blood-blossomed nailed against the wood,
While Caesar puffed his lips and howled commands
And drummed his strutting breast in carnal pride—
Not unto God this fire from heaven today,
But for God's thousands who in deserts died,
Rendered to Caesar, and as Caesar's pay!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Is Germany Incurable"

SIR: I hope it is not too late for comment on the general controversy in your pages over Dr. Richard M. Brickner's "Is Germany Incurable?" It seemed to me that one of the finest things your excellent publication has done in recent years was the panel discussion of Dr. Brickner's book. The sanity evidenced therein appeared to offer some hope for the United States. If anything, the critics were altogether too polite to Dr. Brickner and accorded to his travesty on social psychology and intellectual history a serious consideration which the book did not warrant.

Now along come six eminent psychiatrists, in your July 31st issue, who denounce your panel as a "fantastic misinterpretation." The prominence and number of this "nutcracker suite," here trotted out, will probably intimidate many poor souls who feel about as I do concerning their assertions but hesitate to cross swords with so many degrees, titles, and credentials. But there is no reason for fear; with psychiatrists as with politicians, the bigger they are the harder they fall.

I am well informed concerning the work of all six of these psychiatrists, and am personally acquainted with several of them. As clinical psychiatrists, I have great respect for them. In any problem of pure psychiatry, I would stand before them in humility, bowing reverently, hat in hand, glad to pick up any stray crumbs of wisdom that might fall from their professional table. But the present dispute is not an issue of psychiatry at all. It is clearly a problem of social psychology, social institutions, and intellectual history—in short, an issue of social science. When they pontificate in this field we may say, with assurance and restraint, that Dr. Brickner and the distinguished sextuplets who now surge forth to "plug" for him are only presumptuous amateurs, with no more professional standing and authority than I would have in the presence of an operation on a brain tumor. They deserve to be "told off," and held up to the clear light of day.

The six psychiatrists who sign the round robin proclaim that Dr. Brickner's book is thoroughly scientific. Let me say, in reply, that it does not conform to the most elementary tenets of science. In the first place, the topic dealt with does not fall in the realm of psychiatry, which is the science of individual personality problems, patterns, mechanisms, and adjustments, and has no direct competence in the field of national psychology. So, the first and primary scientific blunder involved is the preposterous assumption that a psychiatrist, as such, can explore the mind of a whole nation as readily as that of a patient.

The fundamental test of the scientific standing of Dr. Brickner's effort must be its status as an exercise in social science. Here, we can say, with great moderation, that it has no more claim to scientific standing than phrenology.

It rests upon an assumption that social science rejected fifty years ago, and which has been buried and reburied ever since, namely, that the processes and mechanisms which apply to the individual body and mind can be directly carried over with complete validity to the interpretation of the social mind. The analogical approach was the basis of the old lore of a social organism, the dogma of a "folk-soul," and the like, which may be permissible in poetry but has had no status in social science for more than a generation.

Hence, Dr. Brickner's whole approach and basic assumptions fade out before the most elementary concepts of social science methodology as completely and as rapidly as a soap bubble before the onset of a knitting-needle. One need go no further to throw the whole thing out of the window, but it is a challenge to intellectual sanitation to proceed to debunk the structure that he erects on this rotten and archaic foundation.

First, to the fear and suspicion of neighbors as proof of national paranoia, surely Germany has been entitled to such sentiments if any nation ever has been. Sandwiched in between powerful enemies and frequently invaded by them, such reactions have been only natural. It has been a paranoid symptom to have them, it would have been sheerly idiotic to have been without them. Indeed, in his interview of January 1, 1914, Lloyd George castigated the Germans because they were not sufficiently alert to the danger of encirclement and had not armed adequately to protect themselves against this menace.

Another alleged paranoid German trait is the charge of falsification of the past. Since Dr. Brickner and his pluggers are psychiatrists they may, perhaps, be forgiven for not knowing that Germany was the home of historic truth and that more historians have worked for historical objectivity in Germany than anywhere else on earth. Indeed, they have been criticised by eminent French and American historians because they sacrificed breadth of view to their almost pathological passion for truth, in its more literal sense. And nowhere else have professional historians received the popular veneration bestowed on them in Germany. The historical propagandists in Germany, such as Treatschke, were never accorded much respect by their academic colleagues.

As for glorifying wanton murder, murdering had been carried on in the old days of Clovis, Charlemagne, and the Teutonic Knights, when slaughtering for Christ was regarded as a holy deed, in the best of manners, and the foremost assurance of a one-way ticket to heaven. We may further re-

"Will you come here a minute, Captain? Sergeant O'Brien has what I think is a most important clue."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mind Dr. Brickner and the "me too boys" that Quincy Wright and Pitirim Sorokin, far removed from German lovers, have clearly proved that even Prussia ranks very low among the great nations of the world in warlike activities and proclivities throughout history.

Dr. Brickner contends that, for the last 150 years, there has been a deliberate, consistent, and unified effort on the part of the German government and intellectuals to force a paranoid outlook and way of life on the German people. No more prodigious example of "escaping history" has ever been offered to a gullible public than such a statement.

One hundred and fifty years takes us back to 1793, when the pacifist, Emanuel Kant, was the spokesman for intellectual Germany. Germany was not united, even in a loose federal empire, until 1871, nearly a century after this date. Nowhere in Europe was there greater intellectual diversity than in Germany from 1793 to 1870—there was no unity of thought even in Prussian universities. Down to Bismarck's time, the Prussian kings, after Frederick the Great, were too stupid and lazy to have any positive policy to impose on their subjects. Bismarck was stirred to action primarily by what he regarded as the intellectual military impotence of Prussia. Even after 1871, there was little intellectual unity or national ideology in Germany. Educational policy was left mainly to the several states in the federal empire. And universities in each state often represented quite divergent currents of thought. Bismarck, at the height of his powers, could not bend the Catholic Church to his will or suppress the growth of Socialism. Karl Marx influenced intellectual Germany from 1871 to 1933 quite as much as Hegel, Treitschke, and Nietzsche combined. One of the outstanding causes of the collapse of the Weimar Republic was the intellectual disunity of Germany, a fact which I personally observed in striking fashion in 1926 and 1927.

Much is made by Dr. Brickner of the fact that some German liberals were accorded greater respect outside of Germany than in their native land. Well, so what? That is a universal situation. I wonder if Dr. Brickner and his supporters have never heard of the old adage that "no prophet is without honor save in his own country"? One could fill a whole issue of *The Saturday Review* with examples of this unfortunate truism, beginning with Joseph and Jesus Christ, who were more honored by Egyptians and Gentiles respectively, than by their fellow Jews. Thomas Paine was better thought of in the United States than in England, and so on down to Harold Laski, who has more followers here than in England, to Charles Austin Beard, who was more signally honored in Japan than in his homeland, and to John Dewey, who is even more highly respected in China and Russia than in the United States.

So much for what even the rudiments of history and social science do for the Brickner thesis. Suppose we tease the "paranoid boys" a bit right in their own field.

Paranoia is a relatively rare and complicated individual psychosis, and it takes a very good psychiatrist a long time to make sure that any patient is really suffering from it. Other psychoses simulate the suspicious tendencies and persecution mania of the classic paranoid.

Further, there is no unanimity whatever among psychiatrists as to what causes classic paranoia. One of the most common explanations of late, is that it arises from repressed homo-

sexuality and the resultant complex ambivalent reactions. But many psychiatrists regard this explanation as utter nonsense. The idea that a whole nation could contract paranoia, that we could be sure it had, or that it could be deliberately inculcated through a national educational policy is enough to make Calvin Coolidge sit up in his grave with a horselaugh.

Nor are psychiatrists any more the master of the cure of paranoia than of its causes. Most of them regard it as incurable, and have greeted the claims of men like Sandor Ferenczi and Dorian Feigenbaum, that they have cured cases of paranoia, with the "catty" remark that it was only a "wrong diagnosis" of the disorder they were wrestling with. I have never heard of a reputable psychiatrist who claimed that paranoia can be cured by imposing a foreign educational system on the unfortunate sufferer from this psychosis.

In short, it seems fair to me to conclude that Dr. Brickner and his pluggers are all afflicted by what the psychiatrists call the mechanism of "projection," namely, attributing to others the symptoms or disorder from which one is himself suffering. And the best advice that one could give them, for the moment, is to remind them of Christ's injunction: "Physician, heal thyself."

The best safeguard of the peace of the world is to be found in a rational insight into the causes and cure of war. It will not be discovered in any pretentious rationalization of the passing hysteria of psychiatrists, however eminent and successful they may be in a hospital ward or beside their office sofa in a psychoanalytic seance.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

Perhaps It Was "Father Goose"

SIR: If you are among the millions of persons raised on "Mother Goose Rhymes" during childhood days, prepare for a shock: Those verses aren't at all *true!*

Take this one:

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Before the first three lines of the above were distorted into their present false form, they read:

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The *cow* and the fiddle,
The *cat* jumped over the moon . . .

Isn't this version more credible? Why, how *could* any creature of feline ancestry play upon a fiddle, an instrument whose g-string is fashioned of catgut? And it's inconceivable that such a clumsy and unimaginative beast as the *cow* would jump the moon, whereas the lithe and fanciful *cat* would be the logical being to perform such a graceful and poetic feat!

Further, the correct verse included the word "Bass" before "Fiddle," fitting in with the size of the cow. By omitting "Bass," the stringed instrument could be taken for a violin, capable of being handled by a cat!

Thus you can see how incorrect the first three lines of this alleged "Mother Goose Rhyme" are. As for the two lines that follow, they are recent interpolations, inserted *after* the perverted lines which reversed the roles of the cat and cow had been substituted for the genuine.

Naturally, the little dog would laugh at the ridiculous idea of the *cow* jumping over the moon!

And the last line of the currently-accepted verse is as unauthorized as the others. The dish originally did *not* run away with the spoon. The dish was made to do so in order to complete the rhyme-scheme of the re-created verse, so that the "Moon" of the third line could have a corresponding rhyme, "Spoon," in the final line.

In reality, the dish ran away with the *cup.*

This, together with other evidence available to me, proves that the authentic "Mother Goose Rhymes" were *not* written in the English language.

Yes, "Mother Goose" is merely a pseudonym of dat ol' French debbil, Nostradamus!

SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY.

Detroit.

Sherman's Alma Mater

SIR:—Yes, I know that Stuart P. Sherman was graduated at Williams and not at Amherst as I stated in my recent editorial on William Lyon Phelps. I have no excuses and many regrets for the error; but at least if I put him in the wrong college, it was a good one.

HENRY S. CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"With Caution and Fascination"

WAR AND EDUCATION. By Porter Sargent. Boston: Porter Sargent, 1943. 506 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

BOSTON'S Porter Sargent has launched his latest assault on the current social order and its educational hierarchy. With his usual boldness and apparent delight he tears at stuffed shirts and holds his nose at hallowed academic practices. The more exalted the person, the fiercer is Sargent's attack; and the more sacred the cow, the less tender is he in leading it to slaughter.

Readers of his annual "Handbook of American Private Schools" and his numerous other writings will know what to expect. They will approach this latest volume with caution and fascination. Others, unfamiliar with that anomalous creation which is not only the definitive guide to American preparatory schools, but a spicy report on the state of the world, will be shocked or delighted according to their temperaments. They need to know that Porter Sargent, despite his Brooklyn birth, belongs to the tradition of Yankee individualism and virile radicalism; that though he doth protest he learned little at Harvard, it is hard to imagine any other American college that could have produced him; that although he has circled the globe many times, Boston is his natural Delphi, from which he makes his oracular pronouncements.

This latest book by Mr. Sargent is a compendium of trends and tendencies in the social and educational spheres, punctuated by caustic analysis and shrewd comment, a kind of mosaic of gleanings from the author's library, held together by the mortar of his own beliefs. Among those beliefs the strongest is "my faith is man and his future."

While the terms "war" and "education" in his title are large and abstract, there does exist a relationship between them. "Our present system of education must assume some of the responsibility for our present waste and wars. That's a bitter pill for us educators, but it may lead some of us to 'take thought'."

But the author does not stop with generalizations. Instances and personages are never impressive enough to escape his slings. From Mr. Chips to President Conant they are berated when Mr. Sargent finds them trying to avoid the pain of adjustment and turning back to the past; for the increase in horsepower and technological advance have effected fundamental changes which when ignored or resisted bring war and waste. Change and adjustment, these are key words. Darwin, Dewey, and Francis Bacon are philosophic springs from which Mr. Sargent drinks copious draughts; and anyone who suggests that they are not perfect had best beware.

Mr. Sargent is on the side of science. An old teacher of the natural sciences, and a pupil of the great Shaler at Harvard, he believes that only the acceptance of the scientific method will mend our folkways. Dewey's "scientific habit of mind" with its concomitant distrust of authority should be the goal of education in a society in which the only constant is change. Insofar as our schools fear change and avoid facing its reality, they are craven and unworthy. And with this basic principle as his divining rod he damns the English "public schools," the dead wood of our faculties, the lack of practised democracy in our schools and colleges, the absence of freedom in politically-ridden schools and trustee-ruled colleges, the anachronisms of a curriculum inadequately changed since the Middle Ages.

The Cassandra role, one feels, appeals to Mr. Sargent. Though he insists he is a skeptic and not a cynic, there are times when it is difficult to see how he can avoid that appellative. His accusations are sometimes too bitter and he uses an 88-millemeter gun when an air rifle would do. The Academic Man deserves much of what Mr. Sargent hurls at him, but it seems only fair to admit that wandering in the groves are a few men and women who are more than sterile researchers or cautious sitters on plushy endowed chairs, scholars and teachers who are aware of the relations of education to other institutions, and of their responsibility. He quotes many of them in his text and notes.

But everyone concerned with America's largest industry, education, will find here the proverbial food for thought. Every guild needs its gadfly, and none more than the teaching profession. The encyclopediac approach, moreover, offers a fine overall view of current educational practice and theory.

The Interrelationships of Biology

OUR LIVING WORLD. By Carroll Lane Fenton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

LIFE assumes an almost infinite number of forms. It includes microbes and mosses, grass and giant redwood trees, fixed corals and very active spiders, snakes and birds, whales and men. In the middle of the last century these manifestations would have been treated under the general title "Natural History," and each living thing would have been described as if it bore no relation to any other. Mr. Fenton's is the modern way, which is to say that the relationships discovered by the disciples of Darwin are integrated and life dealt with as a whole. Man therefore appears as the summation of a slithery, slimy, finny, feathery, and furry past, and grasses and trees turn out to have something in common. Life is a whole, and it is as a whole that Mr. Fenton discusses it.

As soon as life is regarded in this way, a hundred questions demand answers. How did the different organisms of land and sea evolve? Why should blood be red in man and violet in some lower organisms? Why are bacteria so small that they can be seen only through a microscope and elephants so huge and strong that they can uproot young trees?

Mr. Fenton answers a hundred such questions in a book which is notable for its simplicity and which is an admirable popular introduction to a deeper study of biology. He does not content himself with making statements about plants and animals. He explains—gives chemical, physical, and electrical reasons. Thus the primitive covering of the lowest and simplest form of life is related to the shells of oysters, crabs, and turtles and to our own skins. Similarly the processes whereby all living forms feed are set forth in chemical and mechanical terms, so that it becomes possible to relate blood, kidneys, and other excretory organs to feeding and metabolism. Any living creature responds to light, warmth, gravitation, and other forms of energy, so that the whole subject of sense-organs is opened up and treated rationally and scientifically without boring. In this way the reader is led by easy stages from the lowest to the highest form of life, which is man, a summation of all evolution.

Mr. Fenton has undertaken a very difficult task and performed it with remarkable skill. Only one with a considerable knowledge of biology can appreciate how immense is the store of information on which he had to draw. Yet there is no pedantic show of learning. No technical term is left undefined. The whole development of life becomes a vivid and instructive pageant.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Primer for the Race of the Living

NEW WORLD A-COMING. Inside Black America. By Roi Ottley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1943. 364 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

DISCONTENT means struggle. Struggle means progress. The illuminating picture of Negro life—particularly in Harlem—which Roi Ottley presents in his book does not lead to the conclusion expressed in the title—a "New World A-Coming." But the story of life in Harlem does explain the race riots, Garvey's Back-to-Africa movement, Father Divine, the anti-Semitic antics of Sufi Abdul Hamid, the pro-Japanese propaganda of Jordan, and a host of other bizarre figures and happenings. The constant agitation derives from an inner demand for recognition. The assertion of race leads to a seething, burning, overwhelming resentment. Thus Joe Louis is not merely a prize-fighter, Marion Anderson a singer; they are Negroes—symbols of a people fighting prejudice and injustice.

The Negro problem is not so much a problem of race or color or even of economics as would appear on the surface. Nor is it unique. It is, as the author points out, the same problem of prejudice which in varying degrees affects all groups of whatever color, race, or religion. It is the problem of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, or anti-anything. Negroes of one standard of living or another are prejudiced against other Negroes, just as Jews of old-time lineage in the United States are prejudiced against other Jews.

> . . . There are a scattering of organizations whose memberships consist entirely of fair-skinned or mulatto types, and where the blackball is rigorously employed against any crasher whose coloring is deeper than high yaller. Yet, even within the mulatto clique, class distinctions exist which are based chiefly on property, education, blood, or family.

But as against the "white" race, the problem is particularly intense. To the Negro the consciousness of race or of color is never absent.

On one occasion Clarence Darrow received a deputation from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People who had come to persuade him to defend Dr. Ossian Sweet and others indicted for murder in Detroit. These people, defending their homes against a mob, had killed a white man. Arthur Spingarn, black of hair, dark of color, told Darrow the story. "I know about the troubles of your people," said Darrow. Spingarn said he was not a colored man. Darrow turned to Charles Studin, also swarthy and dark. Studin said he was an officer of the Association, as were many other white people. Darrow looked toward Walter White, "I wouldn't make that mistake with you." Walter White raised his blonde head, smiled at Darrow out of his blue eyes, and said, "I am a Negro."

What is a Negro anyhow? The term ethnologically applies only to those with full colored blood. There are few Negroes in the United States. As the author indicates, if you go to a Negro dance in Harlem you see people of every shade and hue. Once, trying a law case where a landlord sought an injunction against occupancy of a house by Negroes, I brought into court a number of dark white people and light colored people and asked the Court to tell which were Negroes. My client was a very light Bahaman. To my question as to whether she was a Negro, she answered, "I don't know." My opponent then called my client's husband to the stand. He was blue black in color. The question was put, "Are you a Negro?" The witness answered, "I don't know." The Judge turned to me and inquired, "Isn't he trifling with the Court, Mr. Hays?" My answer was that I had talked the matter over with the witness and we both agreed that he did not know.

Whether a person with one-sixteenth of Negro blood is a white or Negro depends upon his associations and psychology. Negroes are those who have a consciousness of belonging to a distinct group.

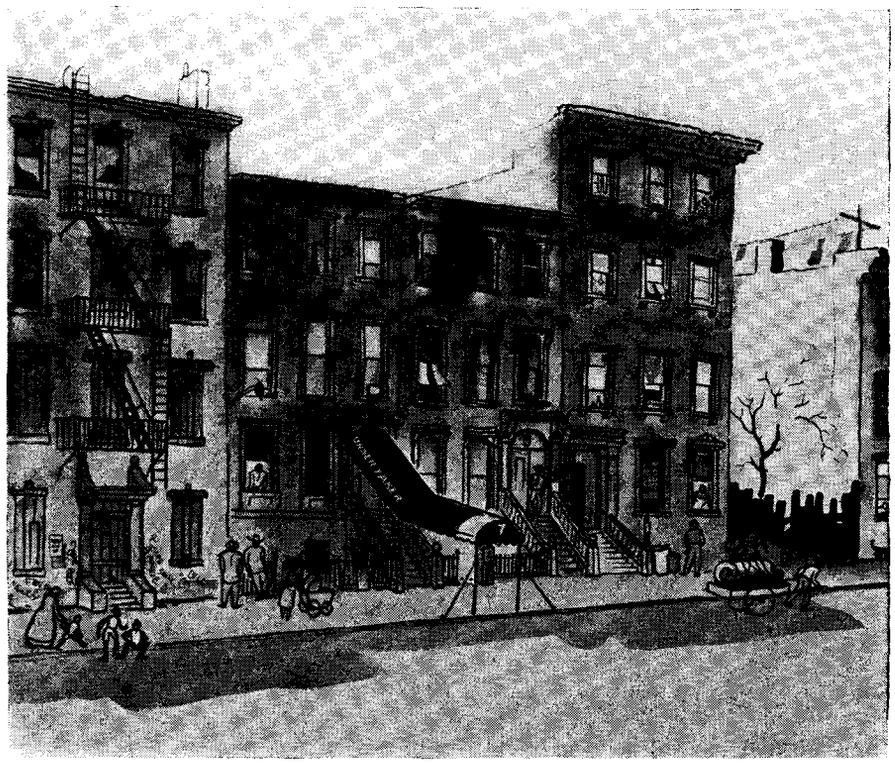
The distinguishing characteristic which I think applies to all of those who have a consciousness of identity with the Negro group is their resentment at the pretensions of democracy. As the author says, "Negroes are no longer in the mood to be placated by pious double-talk. They want some of the gravy of American life."

Roi Ottley has done a magnificent job in presenting a picture. He writes with eloquence and vision, with restraint, with a sense of humor and with full and complete knowledge of the subject. He pulls no punches.

Ottley's words, phraseology, picturization, and stories are colorful. Father Divine is a "Baptist Fundamentalist at heart and in precept, he is in his teachings a God in short pants." He runs religion on the "chain-store plan."

Ottley shows that progress has been made by the Negroes through acting as a pressure group and he leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that the Negro is all out in the demand for his rights. He is serious in his view of what democracy should mean.

As stated at the beginning, his story does not lead to the conclusion. There is no "new world" for the Negro nor for anybody else. People are always looking for solutions. There are no solutions until we are dead. People are bound to have prejudices—or prejudgments—so long as they are different one from another. Life would be pretty dull if we were all alike. But there should be equal treatment by the Government and equal protection under the law. This cannot be had through acquiescence to injustice. Life is a fight—for Negroes as for everyone.



—From the drawing in the book, by John O'Hara Cosgrove II.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sholem Asch's Story of Paul

THE APOSTLE. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 804 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE are occasions when it may be impertinent for a critic to mention an author's nation or faith: there are occasions when not to do so is equally impertinent. Mr. Asch is a Jew, a son of Israel conscious of that incomparable heritage which belongs to his people; I do not know whether he is, in matters of a religion, a practising Jew. If he is, he is of the company of that great English scholar, C. G. Montefiore, who did so much to exhibit the unbreakable ties that bind the Christian to Israel, for in this rich, devout, imaginative novel based on the life of Apostle Paul of Tarsus Mr. Asch is concerned with a similar task. And surely it is of good omen for the amity of the world that this novel should emphasize again and again the truth expounded by Pope Pius XI that Christians can never join in anti-Jew vulgarities and vileness because they are "spiritually Semites."

As a tract for the times, "The Apostle" is a superb success: that is, a man could read it and be repelled both by Israel and the Catholic church, but he could not read it and rationally attempt to combine loyalty to Christendom with repugnance to Israel. What about its merits as a novel? as an historical novel? First, "The Apostle" is admirable in its main task—the presentation of the central character. Here is a Saul, a Saint Paul who, in his vivid, human, heroic, exalted character, is not unworthy of the man portrayed by Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, by himself in his letters. Mr. Asch's familiarity with the great Rabbinic tradition and the schools of the Pharisees enables him to give a convincing interpretation of the spiritual and theological development of St. Paul. With other characters, especially the gentle Barnabas, the uncompromising John Mark, and St. Peter, the Rock, he is almost as successful. Especially good are his women, Lydia and Priscilla, while the tender portraits of the holy women of Bethany are exquisitely done. I think his St. John is a failure: and I am not satisfied with the portrait he has painted of James, the Lord's brother.

Then the novel is greatly abundant—almost too abundant—in its depiction of the world, Jewish, Christian, Pagan, in which these heroic people had to work and live: the enormous pressure of arrogance, cruelty, lust, brutality, and intellectual insolence which came down upon that gallant, God-inspired band, sought to break it, and was broken. The novel ends with the martyrdom, in Rome, of Peter and Paul and the prophecy that the Roman power has been shattered by that double execution. Mr. Asch spares us nothing in his accounts of the horror of the slave-world, the degradation of Corinth, of Rome, of Ephesus; and there is a glowing anger in his picture of the diseased and decadent terror against which the Jews always protested, and which the Christians were to overthrow, if slowly.

Many objections could be made against "The Apostle" as an *historical* novel. Mr. Asch hesitates between a modernist and a traditional treatment of Christian origins. For instance, he accepts the modern and to me quite improbable hypothesis that "the Lord's brethren" are younger than Jesus and children of Joseph and Mary—but he keeps to the tradition in accepting St. Peter as head of the Apostles, and even credits St. Paul with the authorship of the letter to the Hebrews. Possibly he over-emphasizes the Judaizing tendency in the apostolic church: he ignores the support given to Gentile Christians by St. John, the only theologian comparable to St. Paul, and I think he might have made

Sholem Asch

a little more of the influence of the mystery religions on St. Paul's thought. A last small point: why in an English translation of a German novel, should we suffer from such pedantry as Bar Naba for Barnabas, Silo for Silas, Rab Istephan for Stephen, Chananyah for Ananias? And if we are to have Yeshua instead of Jesus, why not Yokanaan for John, which is given throughout the book as Jochanan? The translation by Maurice Samuel reads easily, though there are some odd words—*e.g.*, "congregants" for congregation or assembly.

Excursion into Coincidence

THE HERO OF ANTIETAM. By Eulalie Beffel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

AFTER the victorious Union troops had marched down Pennsylvania Avenue May 23 and 24, there was very little left for a Major General to do. Matthew Yawn, hero of Antietam, felt at odds with himself, for it was obvious that his glory had departed. Aging, afflicted with an ailing heart and a four-inch piece of shrapnel lodged near his spine, he took refuge in a mediocre Washington hotel expecting nothing but endless boredom for the rest of his life.

When the hotel chambermaid came willingly to his bed, the General thought he ought to marry her. At least there would be someone to take care of him . . . And then he found out that she had a young son—and a compelling desire to live in Athens, Illinois.

When the newly married couple moved there to take over the mansion the General had bought to please his wife, they met their next-door neighbor, General Latreau, and even kind, stumbling old Matthew Yawn noticed the striking resemblance between his wife's son and that distinguished officer. From that resemblance a complicated tale of human relationships grows. General Yawn soon realizes that he has made a bad bargain in his marriage—and he also finds that General Latreau's wife is the sort of woman he had always wanted to meet.

Told sympathetically and with a great deal of talent, "The Hero of Antietam" is a remarkable first novel. It has nothing to do with the history or the politics of the post-Civil War era, but it is rich with feeling for those times. And Major General Matthew Yawn is an unusual and very honest and likable but unheroic hero. The book is fresh and genuine, a distinct departure from most novels in which the action takes place during the over-romanticized 1860's when war dominated the American scene.

WAR BONDS SAVE LIVES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laura Z. Hobson

Modern Mixture

THE TRESPASSERS. By Laura Z. Hobson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 410 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

IT is strange, but desperately appropriate in these bitter days, to open a novel upon no heroine, no hero, and no peculiar personal problem. To find rather upon the beginning pages the sweep of continental movement, peoples—not people—on the march—a march not made voluntarily towards some desired goal but forced on before brutality, disaster, and extinction. This novel starts clearly with the broader theme. The story, intense, embattled, and sharply individualized, is swept forward on the implacable wave of the present.

Vera Marriner resents being called a "career woman" and although she has risen to the top of her profession she is right in her objection because she has never surrendered her whole self to her work. She is lovely to look at, smart, and finished with gloss of the cover girl but with personality and character to take the curse off that; she is shrewd and firm in business but generous, extravagent, and altruistic outside it. She illogically demands a logical righting of wrongs in a world given over to irrationality.

And Jasper Crown! Here is a character destined for discussion, dissension, and disbelief. No sooner will A contend that a man of such vehemence, contradiction, power, and weakness could never actually exist, than B will retort that he knows Jasper Crown in real life,—he is so-and-so. Two or three men in public life are sure to be taken as the prototypes of this radio tycoon who succeeds in bringing the arc of the world within his influence in a vain effort to forget that whatever else he can do the simple, natural desire for a son, for a continuance of himself in this tangible form cannot be realized.

This portrait of a present-day, up-to-the-very minute, business man, is one of the most interesting aspects of the novel. Compare him with Dreiser's Titan, with Lewis's Babbitt. How much of the differences are accounted for by Mrs. Hobson's dexterous psychoanalyzing? How much by the woman's point of view? And how much by the strange commodity which Jasper handles (opinion and propaganda)? The driving power which carries him so precariously far derives from his neurotic urge to compensate for his sterility.

Jasper and Vera are on this side of the Atlantic destroying themselves in their desperate attempts at adjustment; on the other side Franz Vederle waits through dangerous and slow-footed months for his release from Nazi-dominated Europe. In this section Mrs. Hobson leads us through very different personality paths. Vederle himself is a Viennese psychiatrist capable of viewing the cataclysm about him with dispassion and pity, but his wife is broken on the wheel of uncertainty, the overt acceptance of the necessity for flight from the brutalized homeland not able to conquer the deep, hidden fear of the new and strange. Throughout the book Vederle and Vera are moving towards each other without being aware of it. By chance she has signed the papers necessary to start the mechanism for his emigration. As difficulties and red tape mount to hinder him the correspondence between the two develops and takes on personal color, and after her breakdown following the shock of the tragic parting with Crown she goes to Europe and stays with the Vederles. As ending, the two return to America with hope ahead and perhaps, with America in the war at last, hope too for all those who have been made into trespassers by the old order.

Mrs. Hobson has not been able to merge her two themes entirely smoothly. The story of the individuals and the saga of the migrant exiles,—the two do not quite meet in the end. But the experiment is interesting in itself and gratifying in bringing to the novel a breadth and depth so often lacking in entertainment fiction. And "The Trespassers" is entertaining. One criticism might be that it is occasionally a little too facile in its event-packed unfolding, its slick dialogue, its smart magazine type of detail. But if readers, like flies, are more addicted to honey than vinegar then Laura Hobson is justified in her use of enticement, for hers is a novel that deserves readers. It has something to say and says it with both sincerity and vigor.

—*C. Edith Glogau, Vienna*

Phyllis Bottome

Key to Endurance

SURVIVAL. By Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

PHYLLIS BOTTOME here again uses her training in dynamic psychology and her first-hand experience with the "gemüthlich" Viennese as the background of her latest novel. I think in this one she wants to say that the only truth that can really set you free and help you endure these horrifying years is the inner truth of personality to which modern psychology offers the key.

The story is told in the form of a journal recorded by thirty-four-year-old Rudolph von Rittenhaus, a Viennese psychiatrist, the orphaned son of an Austrian general and a beautiful Jewish actress, the rejected of his wife and small son. When the story opens he is a penniless, heartsick refugee, a "ghost" as he calls himself, although an honored guest of a charming Oxford family whom he had known in happier days. Stringent medical rulings deny him the right to practise his profession in England. He wins some happiness by establishing a nursery school. Then comes the declaration of war and the bombing of the Island. The wealthy brother of his host turns his great house ten miles from Plymouth, into a hospital and installs Rudi at its head. Here he becomes involved with numerous characters, his special concern being the unhappy and neurotic wife of his employer, their repressed young daughter, and the too unrepressed American wife of the rector. All three women, as well as the two husbands and a son, suffer from sex conflicts. Rudi recognizes the origin of their unhappiness, that their behavior reac-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions reflect their individual temperaments and early training and does his best to help them. But it is not until Plymouth is bombed and tragedy comes to them all that they realize the truth of his teachings and find the courage to remake their lives.

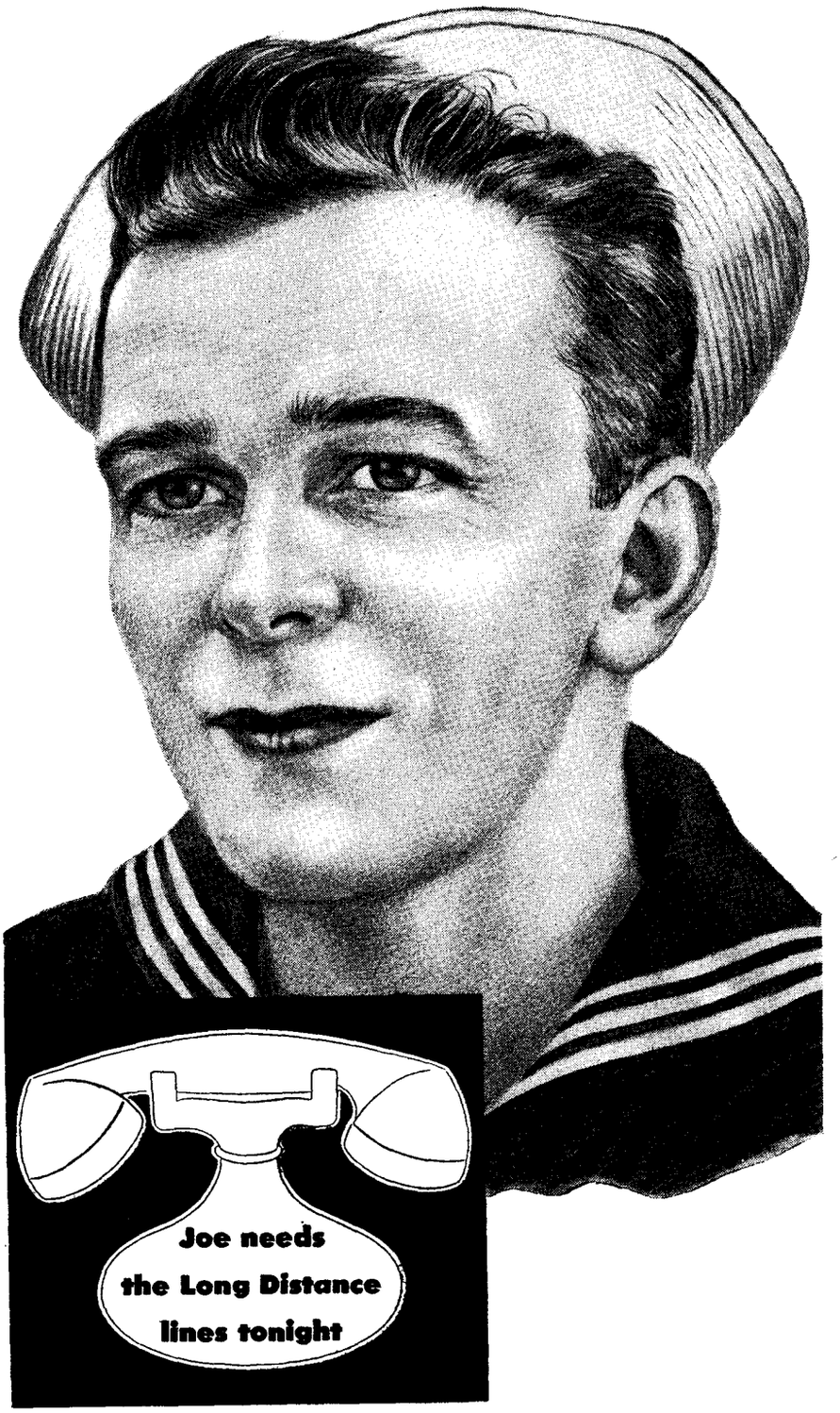
There are interesting high lights in this story; Rudi's bewilderment by the English character and his efforts to understand the blindness to danger, the casual detachment of their personal relations; the contrast of the articulate, emotion-embracing Viennese to the inarticulate emotion-repelling Englishman; the reactions of these English to the catastrophe of Plymouth. All of this and more is well done. Yet it is unlikely that "Survival" will add to Mrs. Bottome's stature as a novelist. That it is not a better novel is, I think, because in her desire to expound the teachings of the Adler psychology, to show their bearing on the mental disruptions of war, she tends to subordinate her characters to her "message." Thus she seems to have selected them almost as a psychologist might cast about among his case histories for illustrations of the main points of his "paper," to emphasize the variety of behavior and health reactions that may arise from warring forces below the level of consciousness. But all this must be explained to the audience, and Rudi is always ready to expound. We do not question the soundness of his psychology—although he does seem almost too wise and noble at thirty-four even for a famous psychiatrist—but that he should report verbatim all of his preachments in his journal strains our credulity, and even pleas for love and tolerance grow boring when they threaten the cohesion of the novel and the tension of our interest in its drama.

This is not to say that "Survival" is a dull book. It is unlikely that this author could write a really dull story. And after all in these jittery days when so little fiction can hope to have the significance we used to give it, who can blame an author if the message of her novel is more important to her than its artistry?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 494)

STEPHEN V. BENÉT:
WESTERN STAR

And the years pass by and are gone. . . .
If this song is
Crooked as rivers, rough as the mountain range
And many-tongued and a wanderer to the end,
It must be so, . . .
It follows the ways and the roads and the wanderings,
Not one man's fate.



He has a promotion to report. Or a week-end leave coming up. Or it's his mother's birthday.

Evening is about the only time he's free to call and it's important to him.

Will you do your best to avoid Long Distance calls after 7 at night, for the sake of millions of Joes — and Josephines? They'll appreciate it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE weirdest collections of books I ever have seen in a single bookcase is on daily exhibition in the waiting room of my favorite dentist. His defiant claim that he never bought one of the books, and that all of them were left there over the years, possibly deliberately, by his patients, is substantiated by a casual inspection of the titles. The other morning I calmed my nerves, agitated by the expectation of a session of excavation and drilling, by poring over a timely little volume entitled "Inside the German Empire in 1916," by Herbert Bayard Swope, whose foreword ended with: "My especial thanks are due to Lewis Stiles Gannett for his assistance and revision of the manuscript." At least, I now knew what the "S" in Lewis's name stood for! Then my eye lit on a battered copy of the late Mr. Woollcott's "While Rome Burns." Flipping idly through its pages, I came upon a memorandum of his trip to Japan in the early 30's. Mr. Woollcott seemed to be particularly taken by the little Japs—their neatness and love of flowers, "the sweet hum of their voices, and the occasional deep boom of a vast gong at a temple on a hill." The last two paragraphs of the piece I copied on the back of a circular announcing the new War Bond drive:

> Which leaves only one topic that I have not touched upon—to wit: our future war with Japan about which, from time to time, I have heard the wiseacres talking ever since I can remember. More often of late, than for some years past. Heaven knows, I heard enough about it over there, not from the Japanese, of course, but in the bar at the Peking Club, or in the veranda café of some Pacific liner, or aboard some small craft fogbound in the Yellow Sea. I heard it talked and talked about among the officers of our own Army and Navy who are stationed in the Far East and have a lot of time on their hands. I heard how many years a really satisfactory war would take, how we would have to begin by frankly yielding up the Philippines and then spend two years gathering forces for recapturing them. And so forth, and so forth. Oh, I heard much of the kind of thinking which made the last war come true.
>
> Most of the talk was ever so cheerful, but war is not my trade and I am afraid I kept foreseeing this one in terms of youngsters now oblivious at school and of homes on midland farms waiting every day for letters that will never come. I only hope that if ever there is such a war and we win it, we shall remember that we won it because we are larger, richer, and more numerous, and therefore not feel too proud about it. For I have seen just enough of Japan and the Japanese to suspect that such a victory might be only another of history's insensitive triumphs of quantity over quality. . .

Bear in mind, if you please, that Alexander Woollcott was an ardent and uncompromising lover of democracy. He loathed fascism and was seized with his fatal stroke, in fact, while he was in the midst of a violent denunciation of Nazi Germany over the radio. The above paragraphs are reprinted as a reminder of how completely the wily Japs hoodwinked the best of us during the days when we had lulled ourselves into the belief that there would be no more wars in our lifetime at least. . . . Years later, the authors of several books about the invasion of China made even more glaring miscalculations. Jimmie Young's stories of how the Chinese stole entire railroad trains from under the noses of their enemies, and how Jap bombers and artillerymen missed targets by a mile or more, gave readers the precise impression of utter inefficiency that the Nips intended them to do. Japan put on a great show for us. We fell for it like a ton of bricks. . . .

TWO REALLY illuminating books on China have just hit the bookstalls: Agnes Smedley's "Battle Hymn of China" (Knopf), and "A China Handbook, 1937-1943," a thousand-page volume prepared by the Chinese Ministry of Information and published by Macmillan. . . . Macmillan also publishes Bernard Newman's "The New Europe," which is a study of the perplexing problems confronting post-war map-makers. Newman resuscitates the venerable tale of the professor at a cosmopolitan university who set his class to writing a thesis on the general subject of "The Elephant." The Englishman devoted his essay to "The Elephant and How to Hunt Him." The Frenchman considered "The Strange Love Life of the Elephant." The German entitled his tract "Are Elephants Aryan—and Can They Be Eaten?" The Russian produced "The Elephant—Does It Exist?" The Pole, whose piece was as long as all the others put together, wrote on "The Elephant and the Polish Question." . . . Appleton-Century threaten to name Lucius Beebe's forthcoming tome on the night life of America "Snoot If You Must," but they still have time to change their minds. . . .

WILBUR CROSS'S autobiography, "Connecticut Yankee," will be a "must" book for anybody interested in New England. There will be a few hundred limited, autographed copies at $7.50, as well as the regular trade edition. . . . Anton C. Pegis, Professor of Philosophy at Fordham, has completed a two-volume edition in English of "The Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas," which will include the first part of the "Summa Theologica," "Contra Gentiles," and the shorter essays. It will be published in early Spring at six dollars a set. The Holliday Bookshop Bulletin comments: "If there was ever a time during the last seven hundred years when the works of Aquinas could be studied with the most profit by believer and sceptic alike, that time is now." . . . Professor Pegis chanced to visit the Random House offices at the same time as Richard McKeon, Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Chicago, and editor of "The Basic Works of Aristotle." "This joint is beginning to resemble a philosophers' convention," I grumbled. "Not with you around, it isn't," spoke up the good-hearted Dean. I retired in a huff. which happened to be at hand. . . . October 6th is publication date for Mary O'Hara's "Thunderhead," a sequel to her deservedly popular "My Friend Flicka." Percy Loring, sales manager of Lippincott, Miss O'Hara's publisher, states modestly, "'Black Beauty' sold only about a million copies—but 'Thunderhead' is a horse of a different color!" . . . If frenzied bulletins from Little, Brown publicity headquarters are any criterion, a new edition of John Marquand's vastly entertaining "So Little Time" is going on press every fifteen minutes. . . .

OUR OWN HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, biographer of Thoreau, will have a life of Walt Whitman on the Houghton Mifflin list this Fall. The first draft of the manuscript had been completed when out of the blue appeared what looked to be a rich new source of information. A peppery maiden lady in Cold Spring Harbor, who claimed to be Walt Whitman's cousin, began writing Mr. Canby long letters in a quavery and scarcely legible hand. The correspondence was growing really spirited when Clip Boutell, *New York Post* columnist, stumbled upon irrefutable evidence that the maiden lady was in reality a literary prankster named Christopher Morley. Chris, no mean student of Whitman himself, had given Mr. Canby some real nuggets for his book, so

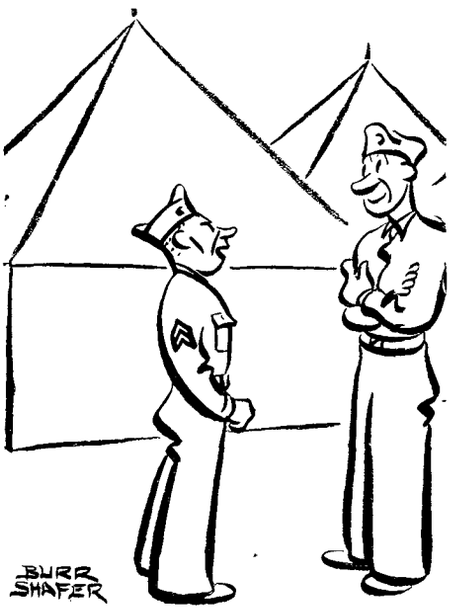
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the chances are that he will be forgiven. . . . Mr. Morley also wrote a note to Trade Winds on September first, which read: "The eighth of this month will be the eightieth birthday of W. W. Jacobs, one of the most permanently delightful short story writers who ever lived. That certainly rates a note in the column." The morning newspaper that was handed to me with this note contained W. W. Jacobs's obituary! He will be remembered in this country chiefly for his superb horror story, "The Monkey's Paw," but humorous tales of the London docks were his chief stock in trade. The best of them were collected in an omnibus called "Snug Harbor" in 1931. They have a Dickensian flavor, with a variety of trick endings that should appeal to any admirer of the stories of O. Henry. His play, "Beauty and the Barge," was a whopping success in New York when Cyril Maude appeared in it here. . . . I earnestly commend to you a very fine motion picture called "Watch on the Rhine," which says magnificently all the things that the more pretentious "For Whom the Bell Tolls" did not dare to say at all. . . .

PROBABLY this will come as a considerable surprise to Alfred Knopf, but I learned from a manuscript on spiritualism that a big, bold visitor from another world was whooshing around his office all the while that he was drawing up a contract covering publication of Claude Bragdon's "Open the Door." Maybe the spirit was planning to let Mr. K. have it with a banjo if he tried to cut in on the picture rights. The manuscript didn't say. . . . Gossips along Publishers' Row will tell you that the real name of the "John Roy Carlson" who wrote "Under Cover" is Arthur Derounian . . . that Clifton Fadiman's resignation as literary critic of *The New Yorker* is in Harold Ross's hands, effective December first . . . that Montgomery Ward's projected book club has hit a snag: the directors can agree on neither a formula nor a manager . . . that the sequel to "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" will be penned by Emily Kimbrough alone, and titled "We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood" . . . that Captain Rickenbacker has almost finished a book about his trip to Russia . . . and that those volumes on various aspects of submarine warfare, already postponed several times, will be held up indefinitely by the Navy Department. . . .

THE SHORTWAVE SETS picked up a broadcast the other day by a Kiel anthropologist named Dr. Weinert, warning the German people to give up their pathetic attempts to communicate with the dead through the medium of a growing horde of fortune-tellers, astrologers, and crystal gazers. "The wave of the future," commented William Shirer, "which seemed so well defined and certain to an American woman author and her American friends four years ago appears to have become most cloudy and uncertain to the very German people who were to constitute that momentous wave!"... There is a story about an old ventriloquist in this country who became convinced that there was no future for the act he had been presenting for years, and decided to set up shop as a crystal-gazer in Hollywood, a mecca, he had been told, for cultists and mesmerizers of every description. Business, unfortunately, was virtually non-existent in his new stand, and when one morning an uncertain young woman, dressed in black, appeared upon the scene, he determined that she should have the works. "Can you put me into communication with my dead husband George?" she inquired. "You bet I can," promised the ventriloquist, and the young lady thereupon had such a satisfactory conversation with George that, instead of paying the five-dollar fee requested, she insisted on paying ten. "This is mighty white of you, Lady, mighty white," he said. "And to show my appreciation, the next time you converse with your dead husband George, by golly, I'll drink a glass of water at the same time!"

BENNETT CERF.



"I wish to emphasize that the next individual who makes invidious references to my Ph.D., my published treatises, or the happenstance of my anatomical structure, will forthwith be the unfortunate recipient of the damnedest paste in the jaw youse mugs ever saw."

"KATHARINE Brush

in her weekly column, has been producing the most exquisite writing since Percy Hammond and her reporting of the American Scene has been the most observant and affectionate that I have read in this strange time." —WESTBROOK PEGLER

Here are witty-wise gleanings from Miss Brush's column *Out of My Mind*, popular weekly feature of 100 newspapers. Some of these essays are frivolous as an Easter bonnet . . . some provocative as a statement by Harold Ickes. It's a book to keep handy on your night table right alongside the aspirin tablets.

Out of My Mind by Katharine Brush

At your bookseller's • $1.50
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thirteen Years in China

BATTLE HYMN OF CHINA. By Agnes Smedley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 528 *pp. and index.* $3.50.

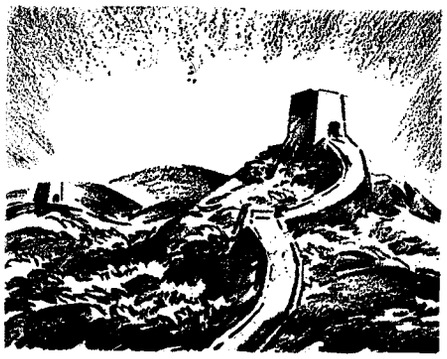
Reviewed by MARK GAYN

AGNES SMEDLEY was born in the Rockefeller domain of southern Colorado, to an unskilled laborer and a washwoman. When Agnes was sixteen, her mother lay down and died "from hard labor, undernourishment, and a disease which she had no money to cure." With the forty-five dollars found hidden beneath his dead wife's quilt, Agnes's father went to a saloon and got drunk with the boys. In her twenties, Agnes briefly married an engineer. Out of this union sprang aversion to sex relationships—"only a trap which limited women in every way." Later, Agnes lived with a Hindu revolutionary in Germany, and the difficulties of her life drove her to years of pain and sickness, and to the verge of insanity. In 1928, she went to China.

This is the hereditary and emotional soil in which grew the roots of Asia's most remarkable American. Everything Miss Smedley has done in China, every belief she held, every sacrifice she made could be traced directly to her dreary childhood, her unhappy personal life, her physical ailments. Yet, this turmoil and unhappiness produced a passionate and fearless crusader, rather than a neurasthenic.

With brief gaps, Miss Smedley has lived in China for thirteen years. During these years, she has made herself an integral part of the Chinese revolutionary pattern, a leading champion of the poverty-stricken and the oppressed. She worked with the underground against the Blue Shirts and Tu Yueh-sen's sinister Green Circle Society. For thousands of painful miles, she marched with the Chinese guerrillas, ate their food, suffered with them, ministered to their spiritual and medical needs. She witnessed great events in Chinese history, and in some of them—such as the famous Sian kidnapping incident—she has played a role. As a spokesman for American democracy she regained friends lost by the American sale of oil and steel to Japan.

"Battle Hymn of China," thus, is a record of Miss Smedley's work, adventures, and impressions. It is also an exciting gallery of incredible figures—heroes and villains and the layer of the common man in between. There is Ho Lung, the "Double-Headed Dragon" of the "Big Brother" secret society, a noted Communist leader, and withal a pirate in dress and battle tactics. There is Gen. Kwo Shuenchi, too progressive for the Kuomintang's liking to hold on to his army command. There are Dr. Robert Lim, China's "Florence Nightingale"; Capt. (now Lieut. Col.) Evans Carlson, the American Marine who learned many a lesson from the Chinese guerrillas, and "Little Devil" Shen, a boy-guerrilla. There are pompous Chinese and British officials, Chinese society ladies, spies, assassins, missionaries, fliers, gun-runners, nurses, politicians, and soldiers without number. Each is a part of the colorful mosaic of the book.



Agnes Smedley is not a skilled writer, and much of her writing is pedestrian. Her prejudices are vast, and her judgments are often naive. A partisan, she can see only two colors, white and black, and those who are not with her are black indeed. And yet, all these things are unimportant, for "Battle Hymn of China" is rich and moving and intrinsically good. Miss Smedley may be intemperate and intolerant, but she is honest, and this honesty underscores every line. And the indignation aflame within her produce many a page as touching as anything yet written on China.

This is an earthy, honest, powerful book by a good woman. Once Miss Smedley's biases are taken into account, it is also a powerful searchlight, exposing much that is rotten—and very much that is good—in war-torn China.

N. Y. Post: "His poetry remains unimpeachable."

MORTAL HUNGER
By Gustav Davidson

MORTAL HUNGER *is a 32-page brochure hand set in Bulmer and designed by Carroll Coleman. Decorations by Bruno Da Osimo. $1.00 the copy at bookstores or direct from the publisher.*

ALAN SWALLOW, Publisher
Box 367, Gunnison, Colorado.

Two-Way Emissary

THREE TIMES I BOW. By Carl Glick. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 259 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

IN recent years the Chinese people have had a remarkably good press in this country. Book after book has appeared to testify to their courage, their honesty, and their sound good sense. The word "Chinese" no longer makes the average American think of sinister, opium-smoking creatures but of polite and genial human beings who believe in living leisurely and graciously. He may even, in his less cocksure moments, suspect that he may have something to learn from these people whom he has too long treated with indifference or contempt.

Such books as "Three Times I Bow" and the author's earlier "Shake Hands with the Dragon" help to build good will and better understanding between men and nations. Generations of mutual suspicion have to be overcome, but writers like Carl Glick are doing their best to dispel it.

The central character in "Three Times I Bow" is a young Chinese, educated in America and China, who had an "invitation" to join the American Army. Private Kung immediately set about making himself an ambassador of good-will between the two nations that had educated him. He looked upon guard duty as a privilege and was afraid that one of his rash suggestions for improving the sentry system might prevent him from continuing what he considered an enjoyable experience.

But Kung is only a figure the author uses to tie his charmingly discursive book about Chinese customs together. There are interesting bits in it about life in New York's Chinatown, Chinese journalism, Oriental psychology, drama, music, and that fascinating subject—Chinese food.

It makes entertaining and amusing reading, and it leaves one with the pleasant glow that comes after finishing a long and elaborately prepared Chinese meal, where each dish is a surprise, and each course is carefully calculated to surpass even the superb dish that went before.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PANORAMA OF POETRY

POETS OF THE YEAR

POETRY is a major objective—not an afterthought—for one American publisher. Since 1936 New Directions has been concentrating on "the lifeblood of literature," discovering new poets with its *Five Young Poets* collections, encouraging experiment in its *New Directions* annuals, reviving the classics with lively modern translations like C. F. MacIntyre's *Faust*, importing the best from abroad in such volumes as the comprehensive *Anthology of Latin American Poetry*, and issuing the beautifully printed monthly books of *The Poets of the Year* series. This series, to which you may subscribe, is the ideal way to "keep up" with the best poetry, because it offers a balanced and catholic selection of titles representing many different tendencies and types of verse. A complete list of *The Poets* is given below. Send now, or ask your bookseller, for any you have missed.

Newest Titles—The 1943 Series

($1 each,* or $5 by the year)

Dylan Thomas: *New Poems*
Rochester: *A Satire Against Mankind*, edited by Harry Levin
Bertolt Brecht: *The Trial of Lucullus*, a verse play for radio
Harry Brown: *The Violent*
Friedrich Hoelderlin: *Some Poems*, translated by Frederic Prokosch, German included
George Barker: *Sacred & Secular Elegies*
Rimbaud: *Illuminations*, trans. by Roothan, French included
Yvor Winters: *The Giant Weapon* (August)
Three Russian Poets (Pushkin, Lermontov, Tutchev) translated by Vladimir Nabokov (November)
August Derleth: *And You, Thoreau* (September)
A Little Anthology of Canadian Poets (October)
Richard Eberhart: *Poems, New & Selected* (December)

The Second Series

Robert Penn Warren: *Eleven Poems on the Same Theme*
Carl Rakosi: *Selected Poems*
John Malcolm Brinnin: *The Lincoln Lyrics*
Hildegarde Flanner: *If There Is Time*
Mark Van Doren: *Our Lady Peace & Other War Poems*
Kenneth Patchen: *The Teeth of the Lion*
The Mirror of Baudelaire, edited by Charles Henri Ford
John Berryman: *Poems*
Winfield Townley Scott: *The Sword on the Table*
Herrick: *Some Poems*
Pindar: *Some Odes*, translated by Richmond Lattimore
A Wreath of Christmas Poems

The First Series

W. C. Williams: *The Broken Span*
Harry Brown: *The End of a Decade*
John Donne: *Some Poems & A Devotion*
Josephine Miles: *Poems On Several Occasions*
Delmore Schwartz: *Shenandoah*, a verse play
Theodore Spencer: *The Paradox in the Circle*
Dudley Fitts: *More Poems from the Palatine Anthology*
F. T. Prince: *Poems*
Rilke: *The Book of Hours*, trans. by Babette Deutsch
Howard Baker: *A Letter from the Country*
Malcolm Cowley: *The Dry Season*
John Wheelwright: *Selected Poems*

**also available in pamphlet style at fifty cents each. Annual subscriptions $5 ($5.50 with slipcase). Complete sets of first and second series, $5.50 each.*

GENESIS

by Delmore Schwartz

$3.00

This long narrative poem is an important landmark in modern poetry, a real "new direction" in American writing. With his first book, *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, Delmore Schwartz showed that he had exceptional gifts; with *Genesis* he proves that he has the poetic stamina to write profoundly on the large scale.

Here is a book which combines the story interest of a good novel with the appeal of richly textured verse. *Genesis* is the tale of Hershey Green, a Jewish boy growing up in modern New York. Schwartz traces the manifold forces —social, racial, economic, psychological— which shape his life, and interprets their meaning in verse of very moving power.

"*Genesis* is impressive in a way that recent poetry too seldom has been—in the range of its subject matter. Schwartz has a fine capacity for combining lyric immediacy with philosophical reflection, and can thus command both the particular and the general."

—F. O. Matthiessen *(Partisan Review)*

"The poem is a variegated phenomenon. There is such freshness of perception, such understanding of childhood, such a cohesion and order in the writing, and indeed such splendid areas of poetic feeling, that one acknowledges the satisfaction of a harmonious work of art."

—Richard Eberhart *(New Republic)*

"Mr. Schwartz is moving in the direction of Dante's type of sublimation, and upon much the same type of philosophical conviction. The difficulty he has had with his subject matter has been enough to demand of him the maximum possible poetic response so that he has made a poetic, a living order. The hope expressed in his preface is here richly and variously gratified: 'There is in this work some truth about all human beings.'"

—R. P. Blackmur *(Kenyon Review)*

NEW DIRECTIONS 67 W. 44 • N. Y. C.

Coming Soon: *A Wreath for the Sea*, new poems by Robert Fitzgerald; *Maldoror*, by Lautréamont; a new *Five Young American Poets* (No. 3) featuring Jean Garrigue, John Frederick Nims, Eve Merriam, Tennessee Williams and Alejandro Carrion (Ecuador); the 1943 edition of *New Directions* annual; *Stephen Hero* by James Joyce. **Send for free complete list of New Directions books.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story of American Earth

THE AMERICAN LAND: Its History and Its Uses. By William R. Van Dersal. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 205 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

FROM early childhood Americans sing with patriotic fervor of their land, of its rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills, but it is to be doubted if most of them know their land literally, know into what categories of use it is divided and the nice balance of its fauna and flora. To be sure, millions of Americans used their automobiles before rationing to escape the confines of their own pieds à terre and to extend their horizons, but even these viewed their country mostly from the roadside. "Looking at the land can be pretty dull fare unless you know something about what you are seeing," says Mr. Van Dersal, and so he has written this "simple story about American land and how it is used."

Mr. Van Dersal is a Government biologist and botanist, the author of "Ornamental American Shrubs" which was well received in horticultural circles on its publication in 1942. Technically he is well qualified to present this account of American land use. And that is exactly what he does, clearly and simply, avoiding the jargon of the scientist in favor of terms that assume no knowledge of ecology, botany, zoölogy, or any of the other related subjects. Experts may find his book too elementary but the layman should derive from it a great deal of information about everyday things he has been taking for granted—the foods he eats, the countryside he sees, the trees in whose shade he walks.

Those readers who delight in facts for their own sake will have a field day. However much some psychologists berate the current interest in the atomized knowledge of quiz programs and the like, it is fun to come upon such startling and completely irrelevant information as the number of squirrels in prehistoric United States (over a billion we are told), or that a certain kind of orange (the deciduous) will grow in New York but not in Chicago—or, again, that the Romans were fond of asparagus. It is unfair to stress these factual tidbits. They are simply by-products of one's reading. More significant are the data on our great crops, the grains, the orchards, the legumes, the forests, and the wildlife. These are relevant to all Americans and the understanding of them will bring new and deserved appreciation to the farmers and the foresters, to the rangers and the herders.

Readers will meet here the men whose genius and effort are constantly being used to make our plant life resistant to disease, more abundant and flavorful, less arduous to produce. Frederich V. Coville's lifetime of botanical research on blueberries gave farmers a million-dollar crop and Americans a healthful and succulent cultivated fruit. H. L. Bolley's experiments in growing flax on plot No. 30 at the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station produced the fungus-resistant strain that is now our principal flax crop. Less dramatic and less well known than Luther Burbank, these men and others like them are carrying forward the agricultural revolution without which the more famous industrial revolution would have terminated long ago. More often than not, these self-effacing scientists are members of Government agencies, where they bring to agriculture problems the same efficiency and esprit that the Public Health officers bring to theirs. These men need someone to do for them what Paul de Kruif has done for the medical microbe hunters.

While most of this book is devoted to descriptions of things that man cultivates, there is an interesting first chapter describing America as it probably was before discovery, and two concluding ones on erosion and the new land pattern that is resulting from its control. The need for soil conservation has been written about many times since Sears wrote his classic "Deserts on the March." Now at last America is really resisting the loss of its topsoil. The curved furrow is succeeding the straight as farmers follow the contours of their land and there is reason to hope that another "Grapes of Wrath" need not be written.

At a time when we Americans, city man and countryman, are once more conscious of our oneness, when we are looking again at our history and geography, this author makes possible an easy introduction to our basic heritage—the American land.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 13

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 13 *will be found in the next issue.*

HYI WKHR FYJHPF CH XCNU,
KHP C CHSXJPU KXX JGTKH
KHP KXX GJGKX FYJHPF,
ULSUUP CH CHIUGUFI K
VHYSV KI IBU PYYG.

SBKGXUF XKWT—
"EKXUHICHU'F PKR."

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 12

WE ARE ALWAYS DOING SOMETHING FOR POSTERITY, BUT I WOULD FAIN SEE POSTERITY DO SOMETHING FOR US.

JOSEPH ADDISON—THE SPECTATOR.

Literary Pen

PENHALLOW. By Georgette Heyer. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

THIS novel could have been a readable mystery story, or it could have been developed into what it pretends to be—a family story in which the expected conflict of the generations is complicated by the character of the dreadful old patriarch who rules the destinies of the household and by the size of the family itself, the products of two marriages and several unhallowed alliances. As it stands, it is simply so many pages of narrative that contains no suspense, family quarrels that are always the same and get nowhere, and dialogue that regards itself as very racy and bold because it is filled with hells, damns, bitches, bastards, and other terms of the sort.

The novel is laid in the sprawling country house of old Penhallow, a twentieth century survival of feudalistic living who has little love for his children but who perversely keeps them around him by never letting them have enough money to live independently of him. His pleasures consist chiefly, however, in overeating and overdrinking, and in abusing his timid wife, twenty years his junior and a poor thing at best. There are moments when the author manages to produce a scene or two that rise above the monotony of the violent language and of the repetitious unpleasantness of the family gathering, but for the most part the novel has little entertainment.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. John McCrae. 2. Alan Seeger. 3. Coleridge. 4. Rupert Brooke. 5. Edgar Allan Poe. 6. Mark Twain. 7. Irving Berlin. 8. Byron. 9. Richard Lovelace. 10. Sidney Lanier.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poetry for Survival

NEW POEMS, 1943. An Anthology of British and American Verse. Edited by Oscar Williams. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1943. 325 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

MR. WILLIAMS is to be congratulated on his faith in the present generation of poets—if one takes that misused word "poet" to mean, as I think it should, one who is not primarily concerned with selling anything to a public which demands merely some sentimental truckling to the powers that be, but who records, rather, for himself and others' benefit, the impact of an age upon his, or her, sensitive organism. This third anthology of his is better than the other two, which I have read. It considerably clarifies the intellectual, as well as moral and spiritual, situation confronting poets.

Some time between this war and the last, quite a number of poets writing in the English language discovered the important truth, that any person who sets himself to the task of recording, in the best rythmic form that he can command, the irony, tragedy, pity, and pretense that lie at the roots of this mass-machine age we live in is no longer to be considered a part of organized society. The same discovery had been made in France as early as the nineties, and was also made in Germany about the time of the European War. The "ivory tower" that the Symbolists once built has crumbled, but the attitude remains. Poetry, as distinguished from mere versifying, should and must be—along with music, possibly—an autonomous art.

The poets who wrote in English were, notably, afraid of that revelation. The Muse, that had before claimed to be such a pleasant person, now, seen face to face, wore a Gorgon's head. The poets took refuge either in a world of oblique references, or in the unreal one of deliberate hallucination, the world of surrealism. Accordingly, all poems of any importance became hard to read and to understand. And the critics began complaining of cryptograms and crossword puzzles, masquerading as poetry.

There are signs—not abundant perhaps, but encouraging—in this anthology, that the poets have begun facing their Gorgon's head more boldly and directly, and discovering that the face that horrified them is that of the Muse, after all. To those who would dispute this, I can commend the poems here of Herbert Read and of Anne Ridler, two poets who have learned the merit of direct, human frankness. Or they can turn to the pages here signed by Conrad Aiken, Robert Frost, Robert Graves, Robinson Jeffers, Wallace Stevens, Mark Van Doren—all of them writers who have achieved a sense of form and an ability to communicate something. Or they can read the poems of that young man Shapiro, who seems to have been born with both qualities.

A great many of the rest are still struggling with their own indirect complexities of reference, or with

Oscar Williams

their own unruly imaginations. This is notably the case with John Berryman, for instance, who spoils the most ambitiously-conceived poem in the whole book by never sticking directly to his subject, or with George Barker, who takes several pages to prove that, in a world of anarchy, he is the best anarchist extant. To these I would commend the example of Yvor Winters, who has taken a stand against verbal diarrhoea, and who now says a small thing with great competence.

This book will never achieve the reviews that are usually lavished on novels, or—more recently—on books of factual reporting concerning the war. But it is, none the less, a book of significance in the present state of the world. Unless poetry somehow survives a crisis which has been maturing ever since the Romantic appeal to the world's conscience largely failed, the novelists may as well put away their pens, and the factual reporters will soon have nothing to report but a few fresh stages in human degeneration.

HOW DID THE ANIMALS GET THEIR NAMES?

Dinosaur means literally a "terrible lizard"

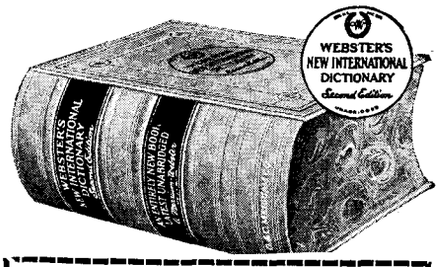
THE name *dinosaur* comes from the Greek words *deinos*, "terrible," and *sauros*, "lizard." A *serpent* is a "creeping" thing, the word being derived from Latin *serpere*, "to creep." The *lemur*, from its habit of going abroad at night, got its name from the Latin *lemures*, meaning "ghosts." You will find hundreds of interesting word origins in

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition

The Merriam-Webster

Word histories are only one feature of this greatest of all knowledge books. Its completeness makes it truly the foundation book for home education! The more questions you and your children bring to it, the more you will be amazed at the range and scope of the information furnished by its hundreds of encyclopedic articles, the work of over 200 outstanding authorities. Many subjects are covered in greater detail than in any other reference book. It contains 600,000 entries, 122,000 more than in any other dictionary. 12,000 illustrations. All this makes it truly "the Supreme Authority"—on every branch of thought and activity.

WARNING: The genuine series of Webster Dictionaries can be identified by the circular trade-mark on the front cover. Look for it. Don't be duped by so-called "Webster" dictionaries offered at alleged "bargain" prices. Ask your bookdealer to show you the genuine Webster, the Merriam-Webster.



MAIL THIS COUPON for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET OF INTERESTING WORD ORIGINS

G. & C. Merriam Co., 368 Federal St., Springfield 2, Mass.

Please send me free booklet, "Interesting Origins of English Words," and information about Webster's New International Dictionary, *Second Edition.*

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Advertisement Copyright by G. & C. Merriam Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CITIZEN OR MECHANIC?

(*Continued from page* 3)

postpone or exempt from induction "necessary men" in these latter branches of training, whereas the humanities and general education are shorn of men. It has been a harvesting period for engineering colleges and technical schools. Many a liberal arts college would not have survived if the Army or the Navy had not conveniently taken it over for training courses primarily technological, albeit the liberal arts have at least token representation in the curricula laid down.

Demobilization does not seem likely to diminish these pressures. The one question on the lips of every returning warrior is going to be: "Where do I get a job?" Even if at Government expense he completes an interrupted educational program, memories of the aftermath of World War I and of the depression are too lively for us to suppose that technical and vocational training at all levels will not be in the center of the demand. Taxation will have lessened the ability of many families to keep children in school and college unless there is fair indication that training will lead directly to employment; and in a world daily asking for a greater variety of technological skills, it seems unlikely that the old, leisurely, four-year course of unfocussed "general education" can hold the honor it once had. There are not enough scholarship aids in the country to replace the economic margin sheered away from family income by taxes. Education promises to become swifter, more technical, less expensive.

THERE is, however, another side. I am not impressed by the bland assumption of most college presidents that the liberal arts will survive the war. If this is changed to read that chemistry will survive the war, its fallacy becomes at once apparent, for the implication of the original statement is that the educational world needn't do anything to sustain the liberal arts and can safely turn all its attention to science and technology. When educators have themselves no convictions about a philosophy of living, philosophy shrivels and eventually expires; and the diminished place which departments of philosophy now hold in university faculties is an index of the sorrowful truth that those in charge of American education are not only mainly lacking in a philosophy but are unable to see that any philosophy is necessary to the state. The chief substitute for a philosophy is pressure for courses in "American history" at any and all levels of the educational process.

I place "American history" in quotation marks, not because I fail to see its duties, but because I also see its dangers. "American history" as the principal element in general education opens the way to a variety of complacency, a bland ignorance of the rest of the world, a depreciation of other cultures (notably the Russian and the Oriental) that bodes ill for international good will. Even when it is taught (as more liberal minds would like it taught) against its "European background," it can become a means of sealing the Occident against the Orient and of blinding the Anglo-Saxon to the qualities of Mediterranean (and therefore of Latin-American) culture. Yet a demand for required courses in American history seems to be the one public demand in the way of curing our political innocence. That index of that political innocence is the gulf, marked by a number of commentators, between the political maturity of the British and Russian armies, and the political immaturity of American soldiers. Incredible though it may seem, there are apparently thousands of these who do not even yet know what the issues of the war are or what the issues of the peace are likely to be.

The truth is, advocates of the humanities are lost, bewildered men. They have not, despite innumerable committees and conferences, recovered from the shock of discovering they were of no particular importance to the Government. They lack any central philosophy, and, in contrast to the definiteness of aim among scientists and technologists, they have as yet been unable to construct any coherent educational philosophy governing the years to come. One of their difficulties is that, whereas in scientific and technological training, departmentalization is, by focussing attention upon a job to be done, an extraordinary source of strength, in the humanities, still bemused by scientific methods, departmentalization is an extraordinary source of weakness.

General training, general education, liberal education, or whatever one chooses to call it, must, it seems to me, be re-oriented at whatever level around two central ideas if the republic is to survive. The first of these must be the assumption that the individual human being has dignity and worth and that therefore human history has meaning only as it reveals the emergence of spiritual values in the story of mankind. The second is the concept of civic virtue, or the notion (higher, in my thinking, than "civics," "social studies," or "American history") that the individual human being should be proud to serve the state provided the state is worthy the best service of the individual human being. In our existing educational systems art as a release of self-expression, philosophy as a queer sort of history, social studies as excursions into determinism, and psychology on the conditioned-reflex basis do not seem to rise to the height of this great argument. We cannot have responsible citizens unless we believe a philosophy of free-will and are prepared to hazard our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor on the chance that rationality is in the long run more persuasive than emotionalism. Technological skills are insufficient guarantee for the health of the state. Only by a courageous refocussing of values in general education can we hope to offset the tremendous practical demand for a merely vocational training now upon us and likely to become increasingly insistent after the war.

[*The editors wish to congratulate Mr. Jones upon his appointment as Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Harvard University.*]

EDUCATION AT THE CROSSROADS

Jacques Maritain

One of the most eminent Catholic philosophers of our time explores in this book the American system of education. In his view education is concerned with "making a man"—a man with "deep-rooted independence with regard to common opinion." These pages are devoted to discovering how that can come about, to showing what has been wrong with the system of education that has been more concerned with techniques than with goals, with "aptitudes" than with the whole human being. A liberal and wise observer of these matters, M. Maritain is at the same time a vigorous prophet of an education for a higher level of democracy than we have had.

$2.00

Yale University Press

New Haven Connecticut

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EDUCATOR

(*Continued from page 9*)

sent back to first grade, and competition is keen. The Army finds that the average illiterate is able at the end of eight weeks' training—144 hours in class—to do the equivalent of four grades' reading, writing, and arithmetic, graduate from the course, and move on to basic training. New tools for learning, which at the same time teach these men the rudiments of Army discipline and routine, include film strips; illustrated magazines; a single-sheet supplement to the Newsmap, motion pictures.

Early in our preparation for war the colleges were drafted to help train specialists and leaders. Servicemen are now being trained on college campuses as general administrators, statisticians, radio instructors, air cadets (ground training); Diesel mechanics, staff officers for military governors in occupied areas, personnel psychologists, surgeons, aircraft machinists, and in many other fields of specialization.

The inductee is not likely to be sent to a School of Military Government—the Charlottesville School at the University of Virginia; the corresponding Navy School at Columbia University. But he may be eligible for the Army Specialized Training Program or the Navy College Program, planned for college study of about 200,000 men at any one time. These Army and Navy programs are intended chiefly as training for potential officers. Basic training comes before assignment to a college unit, in the Army.

About fourteen per cent of our armed forces in this war are college men, nearly four out of ten have graduated from high school, and about two out of every three have been to high school. The serviceman today has had more civilian education than the soldier of the last war. Nevertheless—perhaps *because* of this fact—more off-duty educational opportunities have been provided. These include 700 correspondence courses, with school or college credit, and self-teaching courses; voluntary after-hour classes in bases and posts throughout the world; orientation lectures, movies, etc.

Army and Navy teachers say that audio-visual aids—training aids preparatory to learning by doing—enable the serviceman to learn more, to learn more quickly, and to remember longer. Some examples of these aids which some day may enrich civilian school and adult teaching are:

Moving pictures—the servicemen will see a training film on his first day in the service. Films will help him through basic training, technical training, advanced training. If he is sent to college he will find a catalogue of films to supplement his courses there. The Navy has more than 2,000 training films available, uses them to service more than 1,400 separate activities. Both Army and Navy have regional film libraries. The average post or training station shows nearly one hundred training films a day. Warshaps have 16-mm. projectors, used for training films by day, entertainment films at night.

Models—These include enlarged "mock-ups" of delicate machinery; scale models of large installations; relief maps to illustrate strategy; equipment like cardboard sextants to replace expensive tools for training; toy war ships that trail sand to mark their courses while the instructor illustrates battle maneuvers; hundreds of others.

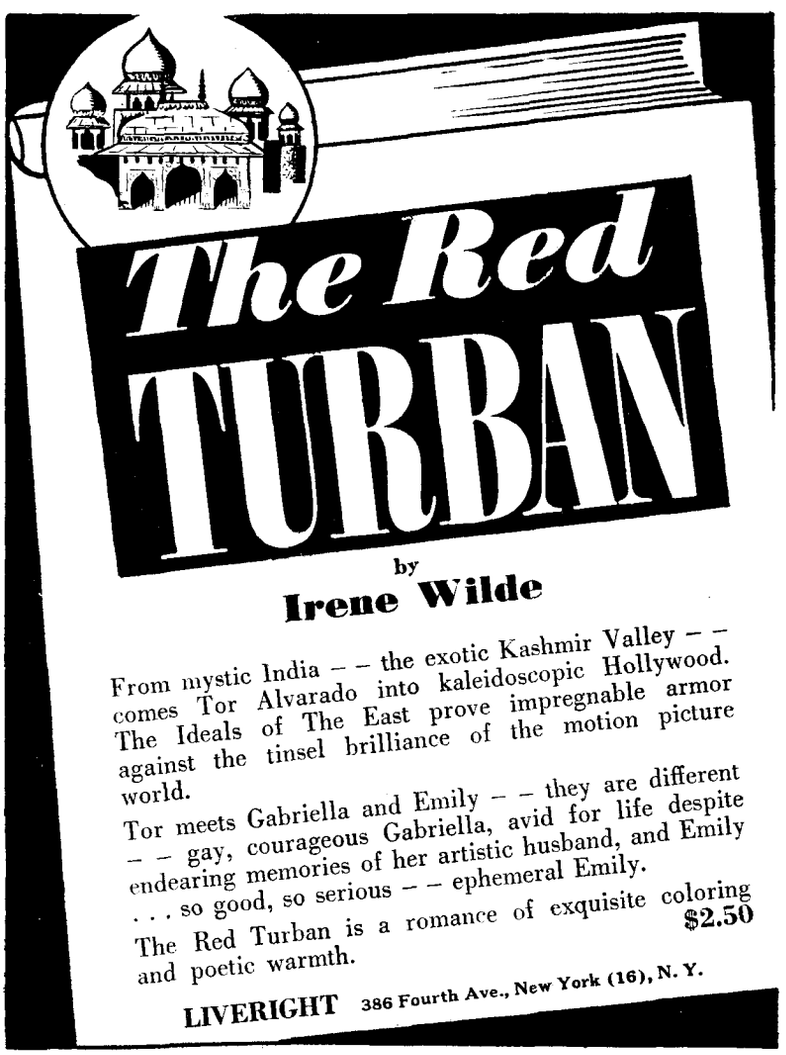
Slide films and film strips—used for a great variety of purposes, including the teaching of swift recognition of aircraft and warships. (Army and Navy officers say that in a majority of men the "movie habit" must be overcome before training films can be as effective as they should be. Americans are used to going to films to be entertained, not to study; they are used to "turning off their minds" at will, as they turn off their radios.)

Charts—a great variety, including such subjects as electrical circuits; cutaway views of machinery; enemy uniforms; thousands of others.

These training aids are preparatory to learning by doing. As soon as possible the serviceman is put under simulated field or combat conditions. In a motor mechanics school, the serviceman takes down an engine and reassembles it. In Marine radio school, he tops off eight weeks in the classroom and laboratory with four weeks' hard field work, learning among other things to climb trees like a South Sea native, stringing antennas, developing camouflage.

Other conclusions presented in the Office of War Information report are:

Nine out of ten Army and Navy specialized jobs develop skills needed for civilian jobs. Pilots, motor mechanics, radio operators, machinists, meteorologists, cooks, bakers, tailors, printers are getting direct preparation


The Red
TURBAN
by
Irene Wilde
From mystic India – – the exotic Kashmir Valley – – comes Tor Alvarado into kaleidoscopic Hollywood. The Ideals of The East prove impregnable armor against the tinsel brilliance of the motion picture world.
Tor meets Gabriella and Emily – – they are different – – gay, courageous Gabriella, avid for life despite endearing memories of her artistic husband, and Emily . . . so good, so serious – – ephemeral Emily.
The Red Turban is a romance of exquisite coloring and poetic warmth.
$2.50
LIVERIGHT 386 Fourth Ave., New York (16), N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for civilian jobs. In hundreds of other service jobs, men are receiving indirect preparation.

Pre-induction training may also be expected to contribute to Johnny's finding and holding a job when he comes home. Two levels of pre-induction training are now being recommended to the high schools. One emphasizes mathematics, physics, physical education, pre-flight aeronautics. This is the program of the High School Victory Corps, combining the efforts of the U. S. Office of Education, the Army, Navy, and Civil Authority. The other emphasizes mathematics, science, physical education, but recommends that the serviceman study broad foundation courses in technical skills—electricity, machines, radio, automotive mechanics, shop work.

Already, according to the O.W.I. survey, the armed services are making plans to ease the serviceman's return to civilian life. The classification system that helped assign him to his military job is being set to work in reverse, to help him find the right civilian job.

However, classification is still a hard job. By civilian standards, Army and Navy life is abnormal. Furthermore, war demands that the serviceman be classified and assigned to the positions where he will do the Army or Navy most good, not necessarily to the one which will do him most good. Furthermore, the picture of peacetime employment of servicemen cannot be clear until we can weigh postwar production and jobs against the reservoir of training and education represented in the armed forces. "It is believed that no Army in history has ever put its available manpower to better use," Major General James A. Ulio has said. To win the kind of peace that will be facing us we must be able to translate Major General Ulio's words into jobs which will use the new skills and experience of Uncle Sam's "wartime scholars."

Violet Edwards is Director of Education for the Public Affairs Committee.

NEW!

JUNIOR REVIEWERS

A monthly publication covering the entire juvenile book field. *Every new book is tested by a child or by a school class.* Endorsed by leading schools and libraries.

20¢ for sample copy
$2.50 a year's subscription

JEAN POINDEXTER COLBY, *Editor*

JUNIOR REVIEWERS

Newton Centre, 59, Massachusetts

The Phoenix Nest

BACK in August it was, when sundry financial matters were afoot, that I received from "Old Quercus" a note to the effect that "the later strophes of 'The Golden Germ' have some bearing on your Oeconomic-Oestrus or Ultralamontane argument. . . . It was, I think, also the first mention of sulfa drugs in—shall we say—verse."

"Toulemonde: the Golden Germ (or, Dogs Don't Bark at the Milkman)" appeared in "The Bowling Green," by Christopher Morley, of this periodical, date of February 26, 1938. I am only too glad to reprint here the "later strophes" to which "Old Quercus" refers:

. . . the Golden Germ.
Staphylococcus is the technical term,
Staphylococcus aureus;
So called because it looks like a bunch
of yellow grapes,
But, if annoyed, a Tarzan of the Apes.
So quite casual boil or scratch
May chance a golden germ to hatch.
(If I'm vague in my bacteriology
I make apology)
Perhaps your armpit begins to hurt,
And a vein of fever runs up under
your shirt,
Then the doctor sees that his knives
are sterile
And your whole arm's in peril.
Then you're not so keen about autonomy
And prefer a planned economy.
Free competition doesn't seem so right
Between *staphylococcus* and phagocyte:
Come, physician! Put my hand in poultice,
Give me a drug in which some healing
volt is,
Come antibodies, sulfanilamide!
Up Doctor Jekyll, down with Mr.
Hyde!

If this should be the end, it seems a
pity:
Gosh, everything was such fun, I hate
to leave it;
Loving the world, I'm sorry to bereave it—
And I never wrote my book on New
York City. . . .
But the phagocytes, when the other
bug gets near 'em
Evolve protective lymph, a yellow
serum,
And after several days that try the
soul
The trouble's in control.

While your friends are saying how
they'll miss you
You're granulating epithelial tissue;
And grateful to the doctor, you thank
God he's
On the side of the antibodies.
But not till after you've grown a new
epiderm
Do you philosophize the Golden Germ.
Your chance for this little metrical
defiance
You owe, most likely, to unboasting
science.
Though the conclusion shock us
I'm afraid it's true:
God esteems *staphylococcus*
As much as he does me or you.
This, in case we never knew it,
We better make our minds up to it.
Occasionally it is man's mission
To regulate free competition.

And, incidentally, in that strange scrambled poem of "Toulemonde" there is some of the most sapient writing in our time. It is not too much to say that Christopher Morley has evolved a conversationally intimate type of poetry quite as stamped with individual style as was, for instance, the verse of Herrick. When all our present values in literature are revalued, and all the modern flamboyances have shredded away, and many more modest efforts have assumed their properly higher place, I think that "Toulemonde" will come into its own. Yes, it "descends" to jest, and it wanders according to its own sweet will, but it is unmistakably of the essence.

In a recent anthology of Canadian poetry I have "discovered" the poetry of Dr. E. J. Pratt of the University of Toronto, Canada's leading poet. I am ashamed that I did not know his poetry before this; but I am getting some of his books. His whale poem, "The Cachalot," is one of the best things I have read lately.

Terence Holliday sends me the following, which I am sure he will not mind my quoting. He says he came upon it by chance and has had a few copies done for friends. I prize mine:

INSCRIPTION
ON THE TOMB OF THOMAS TALLIS
(1505-1585)
GENTLEMEN OF THE
CHAPEL ROYAL
UNDER HENRY VIII, EDWARD VI,
MARY AND ELIZABETH

Enterred here doth ly a worthy Wyght
Who for a long Tyme in Musick bore
the Bell:
His Name to shew, was Thomas Tallys
hyght,
In honest vertuous Lyff he dyd excell.
He serv'd long Tyme in Chapell with
grete prayse
Fower Sovereygnes (a thing not often
seen)
I mean Kyng Henry and Prynce Edward's dayes,
Quene Mary, and Elizabeth our Quene.
He maryd was, though Children he
had none,
And lyv'd in Love full thre and thirty
yeres,
Wyth loyal Spowse, whos name yclyipt
was Jone,
Who here entomb'd him company now
bears.
As he did lyve, so also did he dy,
In myld and quyet Sort (O happy
Man)
To God ful oft for Mercy did he cry,
Wherefore he lyves, let Death do what
he can.

Reading Aldous Huxley's "Grey Em-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inence," of Richelieu's collaborator, François Leclerc du Tremblay, "known in religion as Father Joseph of Paris and to anecdotal history as l'Eminence Grise," I ran at once into that Capuchin friar whose name in religion was Father Benet. "This Father Benet had been born in the early 1560's at Canfield in Essex, the son of a prosperous squire called Fitch." He taught people the technique of meditation and contemplation. I wish I could! It is strange, coming upon one's last name again and again in a book's pages, even though unaccented. I began to feel quite holy!

In the children's annex of my present palace by the sea, leased from Mrs. Darling (both by name and nature), are "The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies" and "The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck," both by Beatrix Potter. Which leads me to a letter from Dorothy B. Leonard of Oneida, N. Y., sending me the following verses. Mrs. Leonard wonders whether Mrs. May Lamberton Becker could tell us if Beatrix Potter is now alive and what she is doing in the present England? "She was the 'onliest' author of a group of children in 'The Orchard' thirty years ago."

LINES TO MR. WATT

Who lately wrote in The Saturday Evening Post *a poem attributing Flopsy, Mopsy, and Peter to the celebrated author of the "Bedtime Stories."*

Watt begs Mr.
MacBurgess's pardon!
Hasn't his "hoary" head
Hit the wrong bard on?

When *my* kids were still
In their infant glory
Beatrix Potter
Could tell a story!

Bedtime, breakfast-time,
Lunchtime, dinner,
All about "pinnies" and
Tom, the young sinner;

Jemima Puddleduck,
Her foxy imposter,
Squirrel Nutkin,
The Tailor of Gloucester;

Two Bad Mice,
The Pie and the Pattypan,
The wicked Cat
That sat by the water-can;

Mr. Tod and
MacGregor's Peter,
If *she* didn't write Flopsy
And Mopsy, I'll eat her! (hat)

To conclude, a young lady of my acquaintance, the daughter of a well-known American novelist and poet, has put into words the way that I myself shall be feeling by the end of this month; and I have not the slightest hesitation in giving her spirited farewell to an eager public:

Good-by Mr. Sea
By
Kendall Smith

Good-by Mr. Sea, Good-by Mr. Sea!
It's so hard to part you and me.
The way I love your nice white foam,
I love so much hereabout to roam.
The way you beat against the rocks
Is always nocks and nocks and nocks.
The way the sun beats down on you
Is just plain too good to be true.
Good-by Mr. Sea, Good-by Mr. Sea,
It's so hard to part you and me!

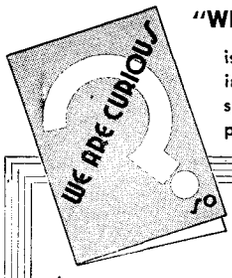
It certainly has been "just plain too good to be true" up here this summer, and it may be said as a footnote to literature that the above poem was addressed to the Atlantic Ocean at Andrews Point on Cape Ann. The Ocean seemed very pleased.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GRINNING PIG *Nap Lombard* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Murders in London and country-side by gent with pig-mask enlist admirable services of Insp. Eggshell and others.	Hugely amusing, filled with action, brimming with good talk and likeable people—and eccentric but excellent sleuthing.	Tops
THE CASE OF THE DROWSY MOSQUITO *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Rich Cal. mining man murdered in spite of partner's and Perry Mason's protection. Then Mason gets busy.	Mason and associates function with customary speed and ability. Method of crime interesting, background colorful, and dénouement unexpected.	Very good
THE WOMAN IN RED *Anthony Gilbert* (Smith & Durrell: $2.)	Out-of-work English girl takes job in strange household. Harrowing events follow. Detective Crooke officiates.	Superlative villainess dominates suspenseful yarn. Harassed heroine finally escapes sticky end after thrill-packed adventures.	Spine-tingler



"WE ARE CURIOUS"

is a questionnaire placed in Roosevelt rooms. Responses enable us to improve our service.

"I like the Roosevelt for its friendly services without any pretentiousness—"

is the answer we get most often

ROOMS WITH BATH FROM $4.50

25% Reduction on Room Rates to Members of the Armed Forces.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
A HILTON HOTEL
ROBERT P. WILLIFORD, *General Manager*
Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

Back the Attack With War Bonds

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

YOUNG ENGLISH POET, now residing U. S., connoisseur of music and arts, versatile interests; formerly enjoying friendship of cultured European Chinese, wishes friendly correspondence with young lady of CHINESE origin: must be artistic, distinctive, modern and sincere, preferably in musical or stage profession. Your confidence will be treated with utmost respect. Box 664-H.

NAVAL OFFICER wishes to buy a second-hand DOLLMETSCH RECORDER. Write Lt. (J.G.) David Worcester, Wickford, Rhode Island.

RADIO ANNOUNCER BY DAY, piano player by night, getting stale. Would welcome discursive and provocative correspondence with attractive young misses. Box 665-H.

HARNESS YOUR HOBBY-HORSE. Rehabilitation and Recreation through the Creative Arts. Handwriting reveals talent. Analysis $1.00. State Profession, Hobby, Sport. E. M. B. Box 666-H.

DAB, Dictionary of American History wanted at bargain. Box 667-H.

MAN, 46, cultured, varied experience, wants interesting artistic intuitive type work, book store, arts and crafts, humanities, teaching. References; Who's Who. Box 668-H.

YOUNG WOMAN, recovering from nervous breakdown, fond of reading and a certain amount of solitude and quiet living, would welcome suggestions for cultivating new interests. Could also do with a few new friends. Box 669-H.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK BOUND? No sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant, and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites —parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenettes—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager, for reservation. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

POETESS: Nationally known artist will illustrate, exhibit poems in libraries, museums throughout U. S. in exchange for part-time secretarial services. Send poems, personal brief. Box 648-H.

PERSONALS

WON'T you do your bit in this war? We urgently need volunteers for Emergency Canteen Work in hospitals, and motor drivers for ambulances. Please apply to American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps —Major Cowen, 730 Fifth Avenue, tenth floor.

WOMAN, zest for living, wishes very much to correspond with mature and interesting man. Box 670-H.

BACHELOR, middle-aged, enjoying books like "Decent Fellows," "Housemaster," also father-son theme (English life) seeks male correspondent. Box 671-H.

RESEARCH COMPILER, facts, statistics of all subjects. What is the problem? Box 672-H.

SOUTHERNER, middle-aged, high I.Q., marooned in big city, invites lengthy letters on serious subjects. Box 673-H.

TWO SRL READERS, girl English, need light, sunny, warm room, preferably on West Side. Quiet, reasonable, with kitchen privileges or kitchen. Edbrooke, 35 Orchard, Walden, N. Y.

SOCIALLY MAROONED GIRL invites correspondence with idealistically inclined gentleman interested in the art of life, books, music, and the theater. Box 676-H.

YOUNG MAN, well-educated, interesting, personally agreeable, but shy and mortally lonely, desires correspondence with intelligent girl. Box 675-H.

FRIENDLY, MATURE LADY, musical, religious, domestic, desires correspondence. Box 677-H.

INTELLECTUALLY MATURE WOMAN, history teacher, research worker, executive experience, seeks responsible post with literary or educational institution. Box 678-H.

MOTHER, with young son, educated, capable, responsible, having diversified training, desires non-domestic position in motherless home or club near nursery school. Box 679-H.

MATURE GENTLEWOMAN, writer, traveled, gifted, cheerful; hard of hearing but wideawake, intellectual, wishes contact responsive souls. Box 680-H.

IS THERE A GENTLEMAN, well traveled and of balanced interests, who would correspond with a young woman book-loving and personable. Box 681-H.

PUBLISHER WANTED, preferably with vision, to publish books by known artist and writer, Fantasy, satire, humor. Excellent investment. Mackey, 108 E. 17 St., N. Y. C.

NOT A CIVILIAN? Please be informed that correspondence between service men and persons not known to them is in violation of War Department instructions to all military personnel. We announced this some time ago, but your mail continues to pour in, and, our office space being limited, we beg you to desist. We simply cannot forward any mail received from service men. If you want your letters back, we shall be glad to oblige.

WOMAN INVITES CORRESPONDENCE from anyone interested in races that contributed to the culture of our country. Box 682-H.

SWELL FOR WRITER. House in country furnished; 6 rooms, bath. 70 miles New York. $25 month. Box 683-H.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

CLASSIFIED

PHOTOGRAPHY SERVICE

ANY 35 MM. FILM, 36 Exposure Roll Fine Grain Processed and Enlarged approx. 3 x 4 Glossy Paper **for only** $1.00. 8 Exposure rolls developed and enlarged approx. twice original size, 25c. Ask for free booklet. Minilabs, Inc., Dept. SRL 2, Box 485, Englewood, New Jersey.

BOOKS FOR SALE

NICK CARTER, Frank Merriwell, Buffalo Bill, Liberty Boys 76; illustrated catalogue your boyhood favorites, free. Charles, 1525 W. 12th, Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

BIBLIOPHILES should write for list of our rare little books. Trovillion Private Press, Herrin, Illinois.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 300, 117 West 48th Street, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS, RARE BOOKS. Fine Prints. Flowers, birds, fashion. Old playbills. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues. 20c.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

ALICE WAINWRIGHT—LITERARY ADVISER. Ghost writing, manuscripts typed, shorthand. 108 E. 38th, New York, LE 2-6044.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, Government Bureaus, etc. **Odd jobs,** simple questions, complex investigations, ALL expertly handled. Lowest rates. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329, Washington 13, D. C.

ROVING SECRETARY. Extensive publishing experience, indexing, manuscript typing, stenography, editorial advice. Winifred Clark, summer address, Lake Placid Club, Essex County, N. J.

BOOKS WANTED

ZWEIG, STEFAN—"Letter from An Unknown Woman." Box 674-H.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT REPAIRING rare and antique books, parchments, documents, also plain book binding. Best references. David Littman, 229 East Kingsbridge Road, Apt 1-C, New York City. Phone SE. 3-4893 after 4 p.m.

Back the Attack
With War Bonds

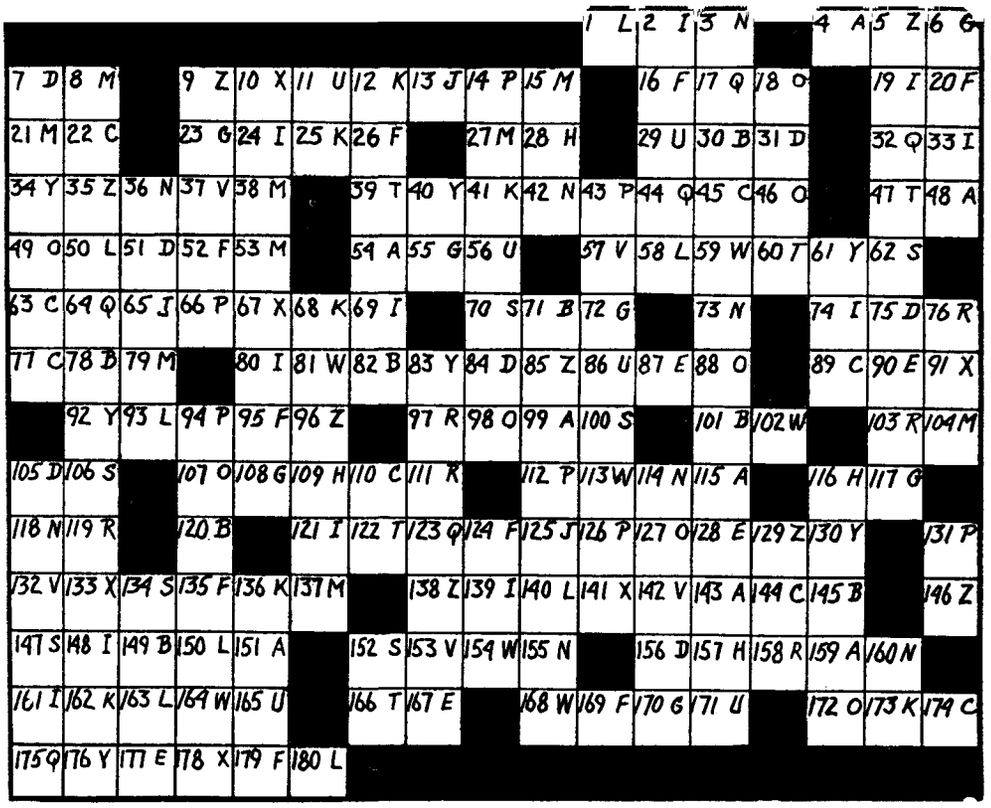
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

OUR statistician, Joseph P. Grandfield (1654 Main St., Glastonbury, Conn., and not 164A as I had interpreted it) sends in his first report: "This started with a rush, but only Hilda Stice, Etna Kelley, and G. W. Smith have been quite consistent in sending records. I'd suggest that the King or Queen be announced for each DC and the average champion for every five DCs. There should be two divisions, Class I without the use of reference books and Class II with their use. On this basis Mrs. Hilda Stice has an average time of 44½ minutes (for 4) with G. W. Smith an average of 49 minutes; whereas in Class II Etna Kelley has a running average of a little over three hours. Fred Cheesewright would be right on top if he sent in actual times, and ditto for J. I. Thomas. I invite Elmer Rice to enter the race with his actual times. Those besides the ones mentioned above but who entered time for just one DC were: Maurice DeKoven, L. P. Dodge, J. T. Hatfield, Miss C. B. Hatch, Helen M. Hayes, Florence M. Hitchcock, Suzanne A. Mattson, Elena Nearing, Mrs. J. D. Hunter." Since many of you have been clamoring for years for just such time statistics and since at last one has volunteered to keep them, won't you do your share now to make Mr. Grandfield's efforts worthwhile?

So many DC sins, are, alas, only too truly, laid at my door, that the recent receipt of a rather cryptic note on the letterhead of Max Farrand, Bar Harbor, Me., made me quake more than usual and in fright write at once for its dire meaning. The note read: "Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice: 'What I tell you three times is true.'—The Hunting of the Snark—Fit the First—stanza two." It was a relief to learn that Mr. Farrand was replying to some inquiring column for the source of the quotation, and he thought the column was mine! At any rate, we do know now that during Mr. Farrand's recent convalescence he purchased some back numbers already solved and found them almost as good as new; whereas after a certain stage is reached he finds them the best soporific he knows and frequently falls asleep with a DC in his hand.

Before another Christmas rolls round, may I express my appreciation collectively to those who sent me greetings last year, for the individual notes, as you know, have never arrived, although the pack has occupied a foremost place in my files. I recall especially, in addition to some clever unsigned ones, those from Mr. and Mrs. Gelett Burgess, Mortimer Cooley, Johanna Colcord, Harvey Officer, Brenda Putnam, Wallace Davis, Lucy Newell, Lulu Gaddis, Miriam Marsh. The first year I sent to each of our puzzlers a DC Greeting, but there are too many now! E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 495

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. His conduct led to the expedition of the Seven against Thebes (Gr. Myth.)

B. Part of the turtle used as a delicacy.

C. To divest or strip of everything.

D. Small quill-feather of a bird's wing.

E. Tribe of Britons of which Boadicea was Queen (A.D. 61).

F. Street in London, once a market near the Tower.

G. Large sect of Japanese Buddhism (comp.)

H. One of the Alodadae (Gr. Myth.)

I. Pagan; barbarous.

J. A deserter in adversity (slang).

K. Three pointed rocks in the English Channel (with *The*).

L. Twilight.

M. Appellation applied to Richard I. of England.

N. Remote; hidden; hiding.

O. To undergo; light upon (2 wds.)

P. Minor latter Hebrew Prophet and O. T. Book.

Q. A leader of the Oxford Movement in England (1833).

R. A very large clam of N. A. Pacific coast, for food.

S. To dampen by sprinkling (2 wds.)

T. Novel by Scott (with *The*).

U. Imperfect or slightly damaged paper in process of manufacturing.

V. Tears (Poetic).

W. Region presided over by a regular Mohammedan priest.

X. Large American spotted cat (Texas to Patagonia).

Y. Copiously supplied.

Z. To fend; keep at a distance (2 wds.)

WORDS

A. 115 54 48 143 4 159 99 151

B. 149 120 78 101 82 71 145 30

C. 144 63 45 110 89 22 77 174

D. 84 31 105 75 156 7 51

E. 128 87 167 90 177

F. 135 179 16 26 95 20 52 169 124

G. 23 117 170 108 72 55 6

H. 157 116 109 28

I. 24 2 121 74 148 80 69 19 139 33 161

J. 125 13 65

K. 68 12 162 173 41 136 25

L. 93 163 150 58 140 180 1 50

M. 15 38 104 21 137 8 53 27 79

N. 73 118 160 36 155 42 114 3

O. 127 46 18 49 107 172 88 98

P. 126 131 43 14 66 94 112

Q. 44 17 32 123 64 175

R. 76 97 119 111 158 103

S. 70 106 152 62 147 134 100

T. 39 47 166 122 60

U. 165 86 29 11 56 171

V. 142 153 132 57 37

W. 59 81 154 168 113 102 164

X. 141 178 91 10 67 133

Y. 34 61 92 40 83 176 130

Z. 129 35 9 138 96 5 146 85

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE HAS LIVED A GREAT ADVENTURE

The world-famous *Director emeritus* of the Museum of Natural History dramatically retraces his scientific explorations in a lively, informal, engrossing book. $3.00

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Under a Lucky Star

A Lifetime of Adventure

THE VIKING PRESS

NOW IN ONE VOLUME!

Rebecca West

The remarkable Balkan adventure classic which Dorothy Thompson and William Shirer call the best book since the war began. $3.95

BLACK LAMB *and* GREY FALCON

STORIES OF WIT AND GRACE

Sylvia Townsend Warner

Twenty-eight of the most brilliant and delightful stories of our generation by the foible-pricking author of *Lolly Willowes*. $2.50

A GARLAND *of* STRAW

18 E. 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE BEST OF HIS WRITINGS IN A NEW POCKET-SIZE BOOK

Steinbeck

Here's the Steinbeck you haven't read and the Steinbeck you'll want to read again. *Of Mice and Men*, *The Red Pony* are here complete, with short stories and great episodes from his novels. $2.00

The Viking Portable Library

STEINBECK

Read also the new War Book Panel "*Imperative*," U. S. FOREIGN POLICY by Walter Lippmann (Little, Brown)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED